

NOVEMBER 24, 1954

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE



The Australian

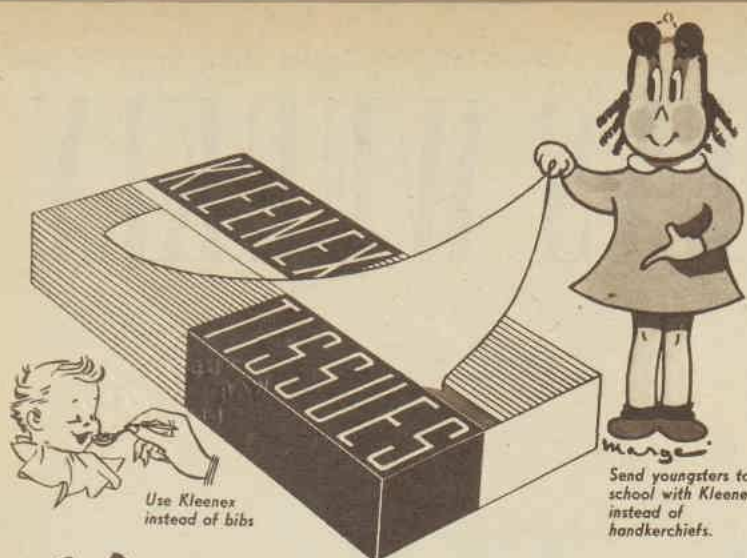
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



MAKE THESE SMART
BEACH ACCESSORIES

—See pages 42-43



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We're passing the savings on... TO YOU!



At these new low prices you can use more Kleenex than ever. Why get your dish cloths greasy and your wiping-up towels in a mess when you can clean off the worst of the grease and grime on stoves and saucepans with Kleenex? And do it so much easier and faster! In fact, anything that a cloth can do — Kleenex can do better.

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Use Kleenex to remove make-up. Or wipe suntan oil off your hands.



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TREES FOR POSTERITY

WITHIN the past six months more than 200 trees have been planted beside the main highway from Sydney to Canberra.

Within the next few years many thousand more trees will be planted along the same highway, transforming it from 200 monotonous miles of road into a green and leafy drive lined with tree-filled groves and copses.

Behind this monster tree-planting scheme is a committee of 18 leading citizens (headed by Lieut.-General Sir Frank Berryman) and an idea.

The idea is double-barrelled—partly to create a Remembrance Driveway as a memorial to the men and women who served in World War II and Korea, and partly to stimulate tree-consciousness.

And no one can deny Australia's tree-consciousness needs stimulating.

Though there are towns (Canberra, Broken Hill, and Ballarat are notable examples) where a tree is something sacrosanct, they are exceptions rather than rules.

There are many Australians, particularly in town and municipal councils, who seem to think trees are created for only one purpose—to be cut down.

In most towns or cities periodic attacks are made, generally by local councils, on public trees. Invariably there is a general outcry, but equally invariably the council wins and down come the trees.

Perhaps this recurring official urge to chop down is a harking back to the "stark, white, ring-barked forests" of the pioneering days, when trees were a menace to precious food crops.

Or perhaps it's just human cussedness. But whatever it is, a tree-planting drive like that being made by the Remembrance Driveway Committee is to be applauded.

As well as making a living war memorial, the drive should encourage in everyone enough admiration for trees to conquer the national itch for an axe.

Our cover:

● Complete directions for making the beach bonnet, stoles, and bags on our cover are given inside the paper. Rene designed them, and the models displaying them are Jean Newington (left) and Michelle Safargy. Staff photographer Bill Howarth took the picture.

This week:

● Your paper this week is smaller than we had planned, owing to the delay in unloading paper caused by the waterside strike. However, in order to retain as many features as possible, we have eliminated most of the advertising booked for this issue.

Contests:

● We have received some letters from readers who evidently misunderstood the rules of the Jigsaw Story Contest. The prize-winning entries were published in the issue of November 3.

The rules stated: "You may extract any single phrase of not less than eight words and you can use a single sentence however long or short, or several consecutive sentences or even paragraphs from one source if you wish."

Wherever an extract in the winning entries was less than eight words it was a complete sentence, and therefore conformed with the rules.

● Readers are reminded of our Tea Contest, which we announced last week. Send us your economy ideas on how to make a pound of tea go farthest.

First prize is a 50lb. chest of tea; second, 10lb. of tea; third, 5lb. of tea. There are ten consolation prizes of 1lb. of tea. Entries close December 1. Address: "Tea Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Next week:

● A really unusual Christmas cake is featured in next week's issue. Strictly speaking, it resembles a sweetmeat more than a cake, and you would probably make it as well as another on orthodox lines. This new-style cake contains mainly nuts and fruit.

● On January 31, Princess Margaret will leave Britain by air for the West Indies. She will use the Royal Yacht, Britannia, for her tour of the islands, and will spend February visiting Trinidad, Granada, St. Vincent, Barbados, St. Kitts, Jamaica, and the Bahamas. Next week we feature color pictures of the Britannia, showing the interiors of the Royal apartments.

Letters from our readers

IS letter writing becoming a lost art? No doubt the tremendous range of cards suitable for every purpose has contributed towards this, and while in many instances they do meet the need, there are still many occasions when a personal note means so much more, especially to older folk. (Mrs.) Freda Rees, Merrylands, N.S.W.

EVERYBODY hates the H look—why don't we get together and do something about it? We could organise a mass revolt, a down with Dior movement. "Vive the Aussie Look" could be our slogan. (Mrs.) J. V. Fullerton, West Cairns, Qld.

TEA at its present price will be beyond the purchasing power of the aged and invalid pensioners. Tea merchants could help them by putting up quarter pound packets, so they could enjoy a cup of tea occasionally. (Mrs.) D. Clarke, Sydney.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

WOULD any of your readers care to send old books to a "Shut-in" who does a lot of reading—especially copies of The Australian Women's Weekly or any of your Australian magazines? I have been in bed five years. (Mrs.) E. Plunkett, 2 Kirkbride Crescent, Cross Hill, Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castle-
fragh St., Sydney. Let-
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address.

YES, B. Prendergast (The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/10/54), perhaps domestic tragedies are a little more frequent than they were, but sometimes I wonder if we shouldn't praise our young couples more than we criticise them. I have seen young mothers battling in tiny rooms with inadequate cooking facilities, living with in-laws, struggling with great string-bags of shopping. I feel that a little less criticism and more approbation would bring a happier situation all round.

I. Morton, Anaama, N.S.W.
TEENAGERS are always being talked about for their disrespect for elderly people. Only the other day I offered my seat in a crowded bus to a crippled, elderly lady. My offer was refused with a nasty glance and some very insulting remarks. What are teenagers to do when that sort of thing happens? (Miss) M. Dougherty (17), North Fitzroy, Vic.

MOUSON



— with the
mailcoach.

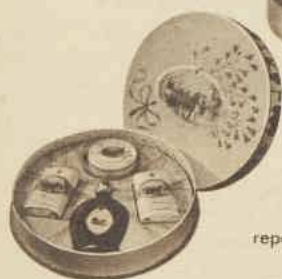
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Page 4

For a long time now it had seemed to
O'Rourke that he was finished—slowly and
surely the sea had stolen his very life from him.



ABANDON SHIP

By JOHN F. WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED
By PHILLIPS

WHEN she steamed up Mersey water,
listing and with those two awful
holes in her, they gave the ship
Moiragay the kind of welcome
usually reserved for Blue Ribbon win-
ners.

There was a fine, dirty mist, but
they could see her and they were wait-
ing for her; and from Liverpool to
Birkenhead side the roars and whistles
of hundreds of ships and harbor craft
made an avenue of applause for her.

Fireboats erected their triumphal
arches for her; a dozen warships made
the traditional signal: "Well done!" An
outgoing destroyer came about hard and,
dashing across Moiragay's bows, signalled
the Irish war-cry. That was for O'Rourke.

She was a headline story, Moiragay,
and O'Rourke a headline name, although
all that the newspapers had were bare
facts. She had been rammed out there
in the Atlantic fog; rammed and found-

ering and ordered abandoned. But
still only a routine casualty until the
world learned that a man stayed with
her and lent her his courage and his
strength while the black seas tore at her
wounds and invaded her.

A man named O'Rourke, and alone
he had brought her cold engines to life,
and her pumps, and held back the sea.
And with her own people, recalled from
the rescue ships, he had brought her in.

On the other side of the Atlantic, a
few hours later, O'Rourke's wife held
a newspaper in her hands and knew that
the front-page picture was for her.
O'Rourke was looking straight at her;
he was smiling at her as he had not
smiled since the years of their hope. By
then they had been talking together on
a transatlantic coast-to-coast hookup—
with the world listening . . .

Once it had seemed to O'Rourke that

the sea would never stop stealing from
his life—taking the things that men
most to him, and to his wife. He used
to sit up nights about it, a big man
grave, looking out of his bedroom win-
dow, hearing Mary O'Rourke's breath-
ing, hearing his kids stirring in the
sleep in the next room.

In those days, before the Moiragay
incident, O'Rourke had fallen into the
habit of going over it and over it, try-
ing to find the point where there had
been some failure in himself, trying to
make sense of the jinx that clung to his
back.

It had started in the war. He made
a trip, lost a ship, made a trip. Then
he lost three in a row, and that had
made four ships downed by torpedoes
and he Chief Engineer of every one of
them.

"Don't go with O'Rourke," they
started saying, and it was still a joke

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 24, 1954



then. "If you go with O'Rourke, you swim back."

That was war, and he had more bad times before it was over. Afterward, a man had the right to expect to work his trade untroubled. But not O'Rourke. He was still going Chief, still holding to the top of the ladder, when his ship cracked a weld. Her back broke, out there seven hundred miles from Ambrose Light, and men died.

Definitely, they were not joking any more when they said, "Don't sail with O'Rourke." He was a bad-luck guy; and in the company office they began to pay some attention to it. The shipping boom was over, they told him, but he knew that that was not their reason for sending him out First Assistant. It was not only a cut in rank, either. It was a pier-head jump to an old bucket: a one-trip charter, and no time given him to make a survey of her equipment.

Under way, he found things he didn't like in the engine-room, and he reported them to the Chief as a matter of course. The Chief, a man who hated effort and who thought he knew exactly how much effort to put into a single-trip charter, was amused.

They were two days out when a main feed pump stopped. O'Rourke switched to the auxiliary, feeling the first cold awareness of disaster. Seven days out and the whole boiler feed system failed. O'Rourke, off watch and aroused from his sleep by a panicky junior, plunged naked into an engine-room filled with the blackness of lost power.

He was too late. She was a dead ship, her pressures bled foolishly away, the water in her boilers far below the danger point. He kept his heart even when he found that her boiler lighting gear—as essential though not as often used as an automobile's self-starter—had long since been lost ashore.

There were more ways than one to start a boiler fire, and he decided to smash some of the ship's wooden furnishings for the fuel to raise her lost steam.

It was at this point that the Chief, who badly needed a fall guy, relieved the well-known jinx and fall guy, O'Rourke, from his duties. The ship was towed in.

O'Rourke was found blameless, officially. But his name for bad luck was monumental now. Until Moiragay there were to be only nightwatchman's jobs for him, and standbys, and other such crumbs.

The call to Moiragay came on one of his sleepless nights. When he'd put down the telephone and had come back to sit on the edge of the bed, he was shaking, and the bed shook with him. When she felt that, his wife came all the way awake. She sat up and took his hand. The dark wedge of his face had a grey undercast, and she knew he was afraid.

"Well," O'Rourke said. "It's a ship. Second Assistant's berth in the Moiragay." His hand turned over and held hard to hers. They loved each other and they had talked about things a great deal. So it was not necessary to say much now.

O'Rourke could walk into a pretty good job in industry any time. Mary O'Rourke had never encouraged that. She knew that he was a seaman. She knew that if he were to quit the sea it would be an acceptance of defeat. Now the ship he had been waiting for, the chance to get back and grapple with the sea, was at hand.

"Her regular Second broke his hand in an air lock," O'Rourke said. "I've got to leave right away." But he still sat on the bed, and he was still shaking. "You'd better wake the kids," he said.

"Don't talk like that," his wife said. "You

sound as though you think you're leaving us forever. You've gone at night before this. But you've never waked the kids for it."

"I'd better see them," O'Rourke said. He pressed his hand to his face and then took it away suddenly and stared at the palm as though he'd never seen it before. "They sure picked themselves some father," he said.

"They picked themselves a fine father, darling," Mary said. "And don't forget I had something to do with it, too."

He looked at her, and then he began to laugh. "All right," he said. He put his arm around her shoulders, and now she was the one shaking.

"You'd better come back," Mary said. "You'd just better come back. That's all..."

Moiragay was Liverpool-bound. She was three days out when she met the fog, and she headed straight into it. Or perhaps it reached out and enveloped her. Either way it was inescapable; alive, she was shrouded with the stuff of the death of ships.

She bellowed, making herself known out there if there were ears to hear. Three days of it, and her sixth out, made her a weary hulk.

There was lassitude in her cabins and public rooms, too. And restlessness. She had a hundred and fifteen passengers aboard, plenty of gossiping, enough for the growing of cliques.

Time, which for happy steamship passengers goes too fast, forgot the clock and shuffled its feet, looking for odd corners, for lingering. The gossip took a fascinatingly sinister turn: there was a jinx aboard Moiragay, a Jonah.

It had come from the fo'c's'le, of course. O'Rourke's presence aboard might have aroused only some jeering by the seamen,

As O'Rourke went up the handline he heard the Old Man order him back and saw pale upturned faces watching him.

or, at worst, some muttered forebodings. But the fog, miasmal of old sea tragedies, old sea superstitions, bore down on the spirits of the crew.

It was an unhappiness that demanded a focus, and they found it in O'Rourke. His own watch began giving him a bad time. They fouled the watch ahead of them by coming below late, and they fouled the watch that followed them by leaving dirt and extra work.

From the bridge the fog passed in wraiths, in shapes. Moiragay's voice shattered out into it, returning sometimes in echoes, sometimes muffling off into nothing. The Second Mate, whose job was her navigation, labored over a chart.

The Second Mate was tired, tired out from trying to keep the dot, the pencil mark, the intersection of mystic lines, as evidence of the ship's position. Or even, now, as evidence of her existence.

The Captain came in from the wing, grey in the face. He peered at the chart. "All I need now," the Old Man said, "is some radar-happy guy burning through here. That would make my foggy Friday."

He turned and paced to the dripping windows. "I wish I had radar," the Old Man said. "I wish I had that kind of sight."

"Well, here's a cup of coffee, sir," the Second Mate said. The Second Mate was ambitious to be noticed; when this little witticism produced nothing he said, "Maybe we should jettison that old Jonah Second

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Beginning a brilliant mystery serial

POLICE-CONSTABLE FERGUS GILPIN, one of several P.C.'s taking incoming calls in the underground "nerve centre" of New Scotland Yard, leaned forward and spoke pleasantly into the telephone of his individual headset. A metallic loop, passing under and behind the collar of his two-tone uniform of blue, held the mouthpiece so suspended that a slight inclination of the head would bring it into range of his lips.

In obedience to an injunction by Mrs. Gilpin, a meticulous housekeeper, he had wrapped two sheets of white foolscap about the metal bands to keep them from direct contact with the cloth of his tunic.

As he addressed an occasional phrase to the mouthpiece, he scribbled hasty notations on the ruled form clipped to a piece of fibreboard on the shelf-desk before him.

"There'll be a wireless car there almost at once, sir," he assured the person at the other end of the telephone. Then he rose without haste, withdrew the jack of his headset from its socket and walked to the four huge map tables representing the four quarters of London's Metropolitan Police District.

Each bore a large magnifying lens, mounted in a brass standard, and a number of vari-colored chequer-like discs and triangles, some plain, some with rings of colored plastic about them.

Picking a red ring from the shelf at one end of a table, Constable Gilpin glanced thoughtfully at the map before dropping his circlet about a red disc stamped with the characters, "5-C." Then he continued his walk to the far end of the room, while removing the top copy from the pad clipped to his fibreboard. It bore the words: "Savoy Grill entrance. Man ill or injured in car."

He added the symbol "5-C," and handed the slip to one of two elderly constables seated at a smaller desk from whose surface rose two metal stalks, each with a nickelled microphone at its tip, like a pair of fabulous machine-age flowers.

One of the constables took the paper, and, holding it before him, flicked a switch, and intoned in a measured sing-song:

"Hello, 5-C! Hello, 5-C! I have a message for you from M-2GW. Savoy Grill entrance. Man ill or injured in motor car. Message ends. Time of origin, 23.19."

Almost without perceptible interval, words—faintly distorted by electronic amplifications—came from a loud-speaker:

"Hello, M-2GW! Hello, M-2GW! Message received by 5-C."

The transmitting constable flicked switches and was ready for the next call. A rum thing, wasn't it now, the way the calls multiplied as soon as the pubs closed for the night, he reflected, as he docketed the "5-C" slip on the rapidly mounting pile before him.

Constable Gilpin stepped to a nearby doorway, beyond which, on a low table, stood a teapot, a jug of hot water, milk, sugar, and some white stoneware cups. Thoughtfully, he poured out a measure of strong black tea, added hot water, milk, and two pieces of sugar.

He sipped this appreciatively, meanwhile letting his eyes rest on the now-disconnected panel, where five of the vari-colored switches which, in wartime, had sounded the air-raid alarm sirens in diverse sections of London, were still kept as souvenirs of a grim time when Londoners could be made to suffer and to die, but not to cry for quarter.

He rinsed his cup, replaced it on the tray and returned quietly to his place at the shelf-like desk he shared with his colleagues in taking the calls of those Londoners who dial "999"—the New Scotland Yard emergency number.

A bit of prime luck, he reminded himself gleefully, having one of the night shifts; tomorrow he'd be watching the soccer match at Chelsea.

By the time he had plugged the jack of his telephone back into its socket, a small wireless car had already scuttled out of the Strand into the Savoy's driveway, drawing to a halt beside a shiny black limousine with a large coat of arms.

"It's no use, Althea. I've tried and tried to work out some way of keeping it. But we'll have to give up the telephone."

"Oh, Mother, please! There must be something else we could do without instead!"

"There isn't. I tell you I've tried to find one—for your sake. But we've already given up everything else we could possibly do without."

"I could go to work. I could—"

"Althea, don't make it any harder for me than it is already. It's gall and wormwood to know that I can hardly afford to live in the basement of my own house! It was bad enough to divide it up into flats—and then to move from the best one to the next best one, and finally down here. When we were on the first floor, the drawing-room still gave an illusion of elegance, even if we couldn't entertain in it any more. And we could look out on the square, and see grass and flowers and trees, even if we couldn't go out to the country. But here, we're isolated, we're trapped, we might as well be in prison!"

"Mother, it isn't as bad as all that."

"It is, it is! Never to have people in, never to go any-

where! Not even to see anything green—just a bit of pavement and the feet and legs of passers-by, who look as if they'd been cut off above the knees! Sometimes I feel as if I couldn't stand the sight of those truncated figures another minute."

Involuntarily, Althea followed her mother's glance toward the small barred windows of their little sitting-room which had once been the servants'. In the murky light of a rainy afternoon, the wet street, the clumsy galoshes, and the damp flapping hems of mackintoshes were certainly not a cheering sight, and they were all that was visible.

"You don't know what it's done to me," Lady Laura went on. "Parting with almost every possession I had in the world—first Shepherd's Haven and then Helston Abbey, and then gradually everything else—the paintings and the tapestries and the furniture, the plate and the jewellery, and finally even your father's butterfly collection. And now, being here, in the only semblance of a home I have left."

She turned from the desk where her chequebook lay open before her and looked appealingly at her daughter, who was leafing through a magazine that she had stopped pretending to read. Althea was stretched out on a shabby sofa, which once must have been very handsome, and which was not far from the desk, but still nearer the instrument under dispute.

Her suit, which might have been a rather good one in its day, was now so outmoded that it had lost any distinctive style it could originally have possessed; moreover, it had obviously been designed for a younger girl, both because of its type and because it was too short and too tight.

In flinging herself down, she had made no effort to dispose it neatly about her and its present disarray revealed more clearly than she realised a length of shapely leg and a youthful bosom, which showed promise of great beauty.

Her hair, which was also in a state of disarray, showed more than a promise; it was beautiful already, magnificently golden, and falling in rich, loose waves around her rosy face. Her lovely color was so fresh, her blue eyes so clear, and everything about her so suggestive of abundant vitality that it would have been impossible to attribute even momentary inactivity on her part to physical lassitude.

Almost any casual observer could have drawn the same rapid conclusion as her mother: that she was apparently idle only because she was actually alert and that this alertness was closely connected with the telephone.

"It might be a blessing in disguise, after all," Lady Laura remarked. "I don't like this habit you've acquired, Althea, of lounging about waiting for the telephone to ring. And it's growing on you."

"I haven't neglected anything you've asked me to do, have I, Mother? I did go out to get the groceries, and I did remember to get the change in shillings, so that we'd have them to put in the meter. I've already put one in, so it ought to be warmer here presently. I felt terribly because I forgot yesterday and you were so cold. I've put everything I bought neatly away; the kitchen is in perfect order. And the rest of the flat was in perfect order before I left. Wasn't it?"

Althea spoke pleadingly, in much the same way that her mother had spoken to her when Lady Laura begged her daughter not to make things harder than they were already. Indeed, there was an exceedingly strong resemblance between the two; not only were their voices alike; their coloring, their features, and their figures were likewise strikingly similar. In fact, it was only through her voice that Lady Laura betrayed her lack of well-being; she was not a faded or bitter-looking woman.

Like her daughter, she had beautiful golden hair; like her daughter, she had an exquisite complexion; like her daughter, she had an almost faultless figure. But she was by far the more soignée of the two. Her hair was carefully, even elaborately and becomingly, arranged; her skin had the almost petal-like quality that comes not only from natural softness, but from constant care; her lavender dress was as distinctive in style as it was delicate in color, and the tiny fluted lace ruffles with which it was trimmed gave it the final touch of daintiness.

Seated at her desk, with two neat bundles—the larger one labelled "Unpaid Bills" and the other, much smaller, marked "Paid Bills," flanking her open chequebook—she looked far less like a harassed housewife than like a fragile lady.

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Hilary seated herself as near as possible to Althea as his guests took their places in the box.



THE ROYAL BOX

By Frances Parkinson Keyes



of quality, who, through some unforeseen force of circumstances, had been obliged to engage in an inappropriate occupation. As a matter of fact, there was nothing misleading about this impression.

"No, you haven't neglected anything I've asked you to do, Althea," she said slowly. The slight interval that had elapsed between the question and the answer, and the almost inaudible sigh which accompanied her words, heightened their hopeless quality. "But when you've finished that much, you don't do anything—except lounge around in unbecoming attitudes, and wait for the telephone to ring."

Althea sat up, pulling down her skirt, tucking in her blouse and shaking back her unruly hair.

"I'm sorry," she said, contritely. "I must look rather a mess. And I must seem frightfully lazy, too. I'll go and tidy up and get my needle point—I know how much the chairs need re-covering. But you see, I've kept expecting every minute . . . And I thought that until I did I wouldn't change or start anything because I wasn't sure—"

"You've kept expecting! That's just it! And some day you'll be terribly disappointed. Either the call won't come through at all, or when it does—"

"Mother, I don't see why you should say that. If Hilary does not ring exactly when I expect him to, there's always a good reason."

"He's always given some good reason, so far. But suppose some day he doesn't. That's what I'm trying to prepare you for, Althea, so that it won't be too much of a shock to you when it does happen."

"But why are you so certain it's going to happen? Why should you be? There's not a single thing Hilary's ever done . . . Oh, Mother, why do you dislike him so?"

The girl rose, precipitately, and crossing over to the desk, flung her strong young arms around her mother's shoulders and pressed her glowing cheek against Lady Laura's soft face. But though there was no actual withdrawal from this embrace, there was no return of it, either, and no spoken response. Althea tried again.

"It can't be just because he's a foreigner. You like Jacques." "Yes, I like him very much. I'd be perfectly satisfied, Althea, if you'd marry Jacques de Valcourt—in fact, such a marriage would make me very happy. I've told you that, over and over again."

"But I've told you over and over again that I don't love him. I can't marry him just for his title, and his chateaus, and his fortune."

"He has a great deal more than that to offer you. From your tone of voice anyone would think that he was a disreputable old wreck, and that his rank and his money didn't make up for his moral and physical decadence. He has charm and sophistication and character. He's very good-looking, much better looking than Hilary Thorpe. He's an outstanding sportsman. Of course," she added, "his landscape gardening's just a hobby with him—a rather strange one, if you ask me, for a military man—but he has a genius for it. He could have made a fortune out of it, if he'd wanted or needed to. He—"

"Oh, Mother, won't you stop! I've admitted all that before, and I'll admit it again. He is charming and sophisticated, and, as far as I know, there isn't a single flaw in his character. He's about the best-looking man I ever saw, and in a nice outdoorsy way, too—somehow, he doesn't seem a bit like the so-called 'typical Frenchman.' It's no wonder

Continuing . . .

The Royal Box

(from page 6)

he's become Jack instead of Jacques to almost everyone who knows him."

Althea paused, seeing Jacques de Valcourt as her mother saw him—as she admittedly saw him herself: his fine build, his well-shaped head, his blue eyes and white teeth so startlingly bright in contrast to his healthy tan.

"He's the best tennis player and the best polo player I've ever seen," she went on ungrudgingly. "And his Chiswick gardens are something fabulous. I suppose the ones in France are too—all the same . . . Well, it wouldn't be honest—it wouldn't be even decent for me to marry him. I don't see, Mother, how you can keep on urging me to accept Jacques when you know—"

Althea herself had now withdrawn from the embrace. She faced her mother defiantly and went on.

"When you know I love Hilary. Of course he hasn't a title, of course he hasn't a chateau—Americans don't have titles or chateaus. And I can see why you don't find him as charming or as sophisticated as Jacques, but he's got lots of personality, too. And I like his looks. There's nothing the matter with his character, either. And he may not have an immense fortune, like Jacques, but he's no pauper, either. If he were, he couldn't afford to have a sweet little house in Devonshire Mews and a car. He couldn't afford to give elaborate parties all the time and take nice week-end trips every time he can get away. A man simply can't do such things on a counsellor's salary—you know that as well as I do! He's never talked to me much about money, but he's certainly got enough to support a wife—I know that much. He's got everything I want and need to make me happy. It can't be that you object to him just because he's an American!"

The telephone rang. Althea bounded toward it and snatched up the receiver.

"Yes—yes!" she said rapidly. "Oh, Hilary, please don't say 'No, no!' when I've just said, 'Yes, yes!' Won't you ever learn that when an English operator asks you if you're 'through,' she doesn't mean have you finished, she means have you got your connection all right? Of course you've only just begun—she knows that. Now tell me—"

FOR the next few minutes Althea listened intently, without interrupting.

"Hilary, that is annoying, isn't it?" she said at last. Then, after another long interval, "No, I'm not doing anything special. I can perfectly well wait until you ring back. I wish there were something I could do to help, but naturally . . . Yes—yes. Any time. Good-bye, good-bye—dear."

She replaced the receiver on its cradle and turned to her mother, almost triumphantly.

"I knew there was some good reason," she said excitedly. "Poor Hilary's in the most awful jam. It seems that the new American Ambassador to Aristan, who was expected to arrive at Southampton on the Queen Mary last week, changed his plans with practically no notice and took the Franconia to Liverpool instead. A very important journalist, Joe Somebody-or-other, was assigned to write a series of feature articles about him for a national magazine with an immense circulation and a great deal of prestige, and they both decided that the best way to get this done would be in the course of a long ocean voyage—the Ambassador likes the sea anyway."

"Then he decided he wanted

to do some motoring through the English countryside before he came on to London. The American Embassy here was informed about this change of plan and Trevor Greene, one of the second secretaries, went over to Liverpool to meet the Franconia. Of course the Consul-General at Liverpool met it, too, and the whole consular staff went into action. All the proper arrangements were made for the motoring trip, with the first stop at Chester, and seemed to be completely satisfactory. The Ambassador wasn't expected in London until next week. And then what does he do but turn up here this afternoon and telephone the Chancery, perfectly furious because he couldn't get the kind of suite he wanted at Claridge's, just like that, without any notice at all!"

"The new American Ambassador to Aristan, you say?" Lady Laura inquired quietly.

"Oh, Mother, don't say 'American' like that, as if all Americans were unreliable and temperamental and everything else! It isn't the Ambassador's fault anyway, from what Hilary says—it's his wife's. He's recently married for the second time, a woman a lot younger than he is, and he wants her to be pleased with everything. And she isn't pleased with anything. She was looking forward to the trip on the Queen, she didn't want to cross on a smaller, slower ship, she got seasick, she thought it was an outrage to have this Joe—Joe Racina, I've remembered now, that's his name—tagging along on what was practically a honeymoon trip."

"You can't blame her for that. Any woman would resent it."

"This isn't exactly a honeymoon. The wedding took place several months ago and there's already been a marvellous trip to Hawaii and quite a long stay in New York for shopping and theatres, and so on, and an official visit to Washington. Besides, it seems the Racina articles are very important to the Ambassador—there's been a good deal of opposition to the appointment and he felt they'd do a lot toward changing public feeling. But I gather his wife's the sort who wouldn't take that into consideration and who wants more and more, the more she gets."

"Of course Hilary tried to be tactful. He said she was very striking looking—handsome, really—but he did speak of her as being 'bejewelled and befurred' in a way that sounded as if she were over bejewelled and befurred. And she's furious about the appointment to Aristan herself. Hilary says this Mr. Castle—"

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Castle, the newly appointed Ambassador," Althea answered, almost impatiently. "Didn't I mention his name before? Well, it's Castle, Baldwin Castle. He made a very substantial contribution to the presidential campaign, with the understanding that, in return, he was to get anything he wanted in the way of a diplomatic post—that is anything in reason. Only he and the President didn't quite agree as to what was reasonable. Apparently Mr. Castle expected it would be Paris or London—Rome or Madrid anyway. And instead, it's Kirfahan! His wife claims she never even heard of Kirfahan before and she's mad as a hornet."

She gave an impatient shrug. "Mr. Castle doesn't mind so much, because he spent quite a little time in Aristan as an engineer, when he was a young man, and he rather likes it. But

naturally, he's sorry about his bride's disappointment and wants to do everything he can to make up to her for it."

"And she didn't care for the English countryside? She'd never heard of Chester, either?"

"That's just what happened, Mother. She insisted on coming straight through to London."

"A typical rich American, I'd say."

"Oh, Mother, please! Well, Hilary finally got them some kind of a suite, and thought that would be all for tonight, that he and I could go dancing just as we'd planned. It never occurred to him that the next thing these Castles would take for granted would be an official entertainment given in their honor—immediately! The Ambassador's just gone to Edinburgh and—"

"I thought you said he'd just come from Chester."

"I'm talking about the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James' now, not the Ambassador to Aristan! And the American Minister's sick in bed with the flu. Hilary's next in line when it comes to entertaining V.I.P.s."

"I'm afraid you'll have to translate for me, Althea. You know I'm not clever about understanding Americans at any time. And when they indulge in their passion for using initials instead of words—"

"V.I.P. stands for Very Important Person. I thought you'd heard that used. Almost everyone does it—Well, while Hilary was trying to think whom he could possibly find free, at a moment's notice, that the Castles would consider as important as themselves, Mrs. Castle sprang another surprise on him. She's in the mood for only one kind of a party—a theatre party. And there's only one play she wants to see—"

"Gold of Pleasure," starring Janice Lester! 'Gold of Pleasure'—why, the entire house is sold out weeks in advance!"

While Althea was talking, Lady Laura had taken the two neat piles of bills and put them in a desk drawer, closing it carefully upon them. Next she shut the chequebook and put that in another drawer. Then she rose.

"So I suppose the matter is now left that Hilary Thorpe will telephone you again when he can arrange some substitute entertainment for these Castles, in which you are to be included, since he knows you at least are free?"

"Yes. But not just because he knows I'm free, Mother. Because he wants to see me as much as I want to see him. He's very disappointed that we can't have the sort of evening we planned. But at least we can be together. He said he hoped you'd join the party, too. He feels sure he can get hold of an extra man somewhere."

"I suppose it wouldn't occur to him to try Jacques de Valcourt?"

"Why, it might! They're very good friends as you know, even if they are—well, rivals. I'll suggest it to Hilary, if you'd like to have me. I don't in the least mind spending an evening in Jacques' company, as long as he understands I'm Hilary's guest, not his. I like him very much. I don't see why the Castles shouldn't like him, too. The Castles and Hilary and Jacques and you and I—why, that would make a very nice little group, Mother!"

"I agree with you. Very nice. And suppose, instead of calling Hilary Thorpe immediately, to suggest Jacques de Valcourt as the extra man, you let me use the telephone first." There was no sadness in Lady Laura's voice as she spoke this time.

"I should like to see Janice Lester myself; and it might be interesting to meet the new

American Ambassador to Aristan and his bejewelled and befurred wife. Moreover, I should not be sorry to show that self-important suitor of yours that his connections do not amount to much after all, compared to ours, and I believe that I may be in a position to do so. After all, I still have relations at Court, even if I am a pauper."

"It so happened that while you were out, Cousin Julia dropped in and told me confidentially that Queen Mary would probably change her plans for going to the theatre tonight, because of a slight indisposition. Julia wouldn't have notified the management of the Terry, however, until the probability became a certainty; so she may not have done it yet. If it does become a certainty, we might manage 'Gold of Pleasure' after all. Even if the house is reportedly sold out, there is still the Royal Box."

LADY LAURA, I

don't know how to thank you! My diplomatic stock had sunk almost out of sight when you came to the rescue. Now it's shot right up with the leaders."

Celestino, Hilary Thorpe's Mexican houseboy, beaming and bowing, according to his habit, had opened the front door for his master's guests. But Hilary himself had come forward in Celestino's wake and for the first time in the course of their fairly long acquaintance, had taken Lady Laura's hands quickly in his and pressed them warmly, which was a far more significant gesture than if Jacques de Valcourt had kissed them deferentially.

Lady Laura was obliged to confess to herself that she could see why Althea considered Hilary good-looking, in his own way, and why the girl said he actually had as much personality as the far handsomer Frenchman. He had a pleasant and open countenance; but it did not reveal the lack of perception and willpower sometimes betrayed by obvious amiability and candor. On the contrary, his grey eyes were keen as well as kindly, and though he was smiling at the moment, the lower part of his face suggested determination rather than deference.

As he turned from Lady Laura to her daughter, a look of affectionate understanding passed between them; and while he did not take her hands, her mother did not fail to observe that there was something suggestive of a caress in the way he removed her wrap, without waiting for Celestino to take it from her.

"I'm so glad you came early," Hilary went on, addressing himself to Lady Laura rather than to Althea. "I'm providing for all the usual drinks, of course, including Dubonnet for Jack, who claims anything stronger before dinner spoils the taste of his soup—as if dinner were so far off, thanks to the awful theatre hours, that no matter what you drink, it's died on you long before you get to your soup!"

He motioned toward an antique butler's tray, glittering with ice and tall glasses, which were flanked by numerous well-filled bottles.

"What I started to say was, I'm also having tea, and I want you to pour for me. Come and have a look at the setup."

He led the way through the entrance hall which, in the tiny house that had once been a stable, also served as the living-room, toward the small dining-room at the rear. A coal fire glowed cosily in the grate and, before it a table, covered with a fine embroidered cloth, was lavishly spread.

At one end of the table stood a silver tea-kettle which was singing invitingly, with a silver caddy, teapot, sugar bowl, and cream jug and delicate Dresden cups grouped companionably around it.

"Hot biscuits are coming in

a minute, too," he said. "Lalme doesn't think any party's complete without those."

"Lalme?"

"Yes. My cook. I acquired her at Martinique—my first post after I entered the Foreign Service. She's been with me ever since. Her costume and her cooking are both rather on the spectacular side—not that there's anything spectacular about biscuits though, incidentally, I was using the word the way we Americans do—what you call biscuits, we call crackers—I wasn't talking about crackers! But aside from such excrescences as American biscuits made by a West Indian, I've tried to do everything in the English manner. Is there anything I've forgotten that you'd like to suggest?"

"No, I don't think you need any suggestions," Lady Laura said slowly. This was the type of menage to which she had been accustomed in her youth and early married life, but which she had not seen for many a long day—even her most prosperous English friends could have nothing like this, under rationing.

Americans, it appeared, still had everything they wanted, not only enough on which to gorge themselves, but enough to waste. Her sense of resentment against them, which had temporarily been engulged in her sense of triumph because she had secured the Royal Box, emerged again.

"But I thought there were to be only six of us," she went on, after a short silence which neither Hilary nor Althea sought to break, though again they looked at each other with affectionate understanding. "You realised, didn't you, that the Royal Box doesn't hold more than that? And I see you have nine teacups set out."

"Oh, yes, I understand about the capacity of the box and I wasn't trying to stretch it. But Joe Racina telephoned me almost immediately after I got your good news—you know, the writer who's doing the series of articles on Castle—and I invited him to drop in here before the theatre. He and I are old friends—or rather, we're very good friends. Actually, I've known Judith, his wife much longer than I've known him. Dexter Abbott, a neighbor of hers, was a classmate of mine at the University of Vermont. I used to visit him quite often on Farman Hill, where they both grew up. Incidentally, Judith did a grand job as a nurse during the war, but was badly burned by the explosion of a hand grenade in Africa. She got some pretty deep scars—not that they show much any more, because she's learned to dress and do her hair so that they won't. But perhaps I ought to warn you."

"And she's with her husband? Mr. and Mrs. Racina—is that the name—both come over on the Franconia?"

"Yes, didn't Althea tell you? Well, come to think of it, I forgot to tell her. But Joe and Judith are practically inseparable. You never saw such a devoted couple."

For the third time, Hilary looked at Althea in an affectionate and understanding way, this time as if to suggest that it would be easy enough for anyone to see another such couple, if only he and Althea could be married. Again the look was not lost on Lady Laura, but she appeared to disregard it.

"That still makes only eight," she said, straightening the spoon on one of the saucers, and then checking herself from making any further movement connected with the tea-table.

She was not at all interested in the Racinas, and her desire to sit down and devour everything in sight was growing on her. She wished the other guests, whoever they were, would come and put an end to



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such flowers as he did have. . . . He had given a party there for the principals in "Gold of Pleasure" the previous Sunday and they apparently enjoyed it—the water-lilies, both crimson and white, were still lovely, as well as the roses, and the asters and peony foliage were really gorgeous in their autumn coloring. Perhaps next day, at tea-time? And of course they were to be his guests, with the others, for dinner at the Savoy, after the play.

He was delighted at the prospect of seeing it again—he had been to the first night and twice since then. Janice Lester was certainly a charmer.

The Ambassador from Aristan, inwardly acknowledging temporary defeat at the hands of the French Military Attache, as far as the Racinas were concerned, turned, not without reluctance, to Lady Laura and Althea. The former had never been one of his favorites, and he considered the latter entirely negligible. He did not see how she possibly could have captured the fancy of two such eligible bachelors as Jacques de Valcourt and Hilary Thorpe, though he was well aware that she had.

While his expert eye took in all the defects of her home-made clothes, he did not fail to observe the beauty of the form which these covered; but even this did not stimulate him. It was rather too slim for his taste, and, besides, any number of girls whom he met in society—not to mention girls whom he met under less circumscribed conditions—had fine figures and knew how to reveal them to good advantage, either with the help of first-class dressmakers or in settings appropriate for greater revelation.

Interrupting the Ambassador's reflections, Celestino opened the door for the final guests. The appearance of the first one proved so overpowering to him that an expression of wide-eyed astonishment supplanted his customary beaming smile and he forgot to bow.

Baldwin Castle's wife was as tall as her husband, and she wore an immense glittering tiara which gave her added height. Moreover, she was enveloped from head to foot in white fox furs so bushy that, momentarily, they concealed her husband from view.

The furs parted, as Cornelia Castle surrendered her wrap to the stunned servant, and disclosed neck, arms and a generous expanse of bosom, bare except for glittering gems; a strapless dress of magenta velvet made this white expanse seem all the greater because of the violent color contrast.

The make-up of the new Ambassadoress was extreme, her fair hair obviously retouched, her face, like her figure, too full; indeed, its amplitude bore little resemblance to that pleasing plumpness which Ahani admired, when this was an accessory to the freshness of extreme youth, and to an expression of sweet docility.

As Cornelia swept forward, not even waiting for her husband, Ahani knew that the feeling she roused in him was not one of mild contempt, such as he felt for Lady Laura, nor one of male disparagement, like that with which he regarded Althea. He realised that at sight he hated this creature, and that her presence in his country would be a constant cause of affront to the women of his land, where the veil still remained a symbol, even though it had ceased to be a garment.

"My goodness, are we late?" Mrs. Castle exclaimed, accepting her host's hand and belatedly glancing back at her husband. "Baldy, your watch must be slow."

In view of Baldwin Castle's

To page 29

this futile delay which, she tried to tell herself, was annoying only because she was afraid they would be late for the play. Still, she was fearful lest her growing greed would betray itself.

"That's for Jevad Ahani." "You mean the Ambassador from Aristan?"

"Yes. He heard that Castle was in town almost as soon as we did. I don't know whether Castle got in touch with the Embassy himself or whether this was another case of the good old grapevine—fantastic how that works, especially among those Eastern people! It's hardly safe to think; they can pick your mind before you've had time to act. . . . Well, Ahani wanted to see Castle right away for a very important conference."

"But there won't be time for that here! Especially if your other guests are much later!"

"Well, if there isn't time here, perhaps there will be between the acts."

"But I explained—"

"Oh, Ahani's not expecting to sit with us. But he is going to 'Gold of Pleasure,' too! I don't mean he pulled wires at the last moment, with miraculous success, like you, Lady Laura! But of course everyone wants to see Janice Lester these days and Ahani's no exception to the rule. After trying for a long while, he finally got tickets, and it just happens they were for tonight. He has a small box, quite close to ours. So, I said, it'll be a simple matter for him to join us between the acts. And I know he'd like to, whether or not it was necessary from the viewpoint of some despatches. Well, speaking of angels—"

A small dark man, wearing numerous orders and decorations on his well-cut coat, and a broad ribbon, from which still another medal was suspended, across his immaculate shirt bosom, had handed his silk hat and opera cape to Celestino and was already halfway across the living-room before Hilary caught up with him.

In response to his host's cordial but hasty greeting, he murmured that he was delighted, explained his dress on the grounds of a later official reception, and bowed rather unconcernedly in the direction of Lady Laura and Althea. He then glanced rapidly around, under heavy-lidded eyes, searching, without any attempt at subterfuge for something or someone he did not find.

"The Castles aren't here yet," Hilary informed him, interpreting the roving glance correctly. "But that's all right—we've plenty of time. And look who is here!" he went on, abandoning the Ambassador to Lady Laura and Althea, and again advancing, with even more speed than before. "Got a kiss for me, Judith? Well, I'm going to have one anyway. Great to see you, Joe! How's everything?"

"Couldn't be better." "That's all I need to know at the moment. Details can wait. Come on and meet the others."

While the introductions took place, the new arrivals underwent a swift scrutiny, delicately veiled on the part of Lady Laura, searching under the heavy-lidded eyes of the Ambassador, and candidly astonished on the part of Althea.

Joe Racina was immensely tall and correspondingly stoop shouldered; he was wearing a soft shirt, a black bow tie which had obviously been secured without the aid of a mirror, a dinner jacket which looked as if he had slept in it, and trousers which had long since lost their original crease and which gave no indication of having been pressed since. This casual costume appeared all the more careless in comparison to the Ambassador's faultless and

formal apparel and to Hilary's less-ostentatious but equally well-tailored and well-kept clothes; and the contrast to the attire of Joe's wife was even more startling.

Her dress of gold and black brocade, made with long sleeves finished with frills of gold lace, and a high neck, and circled about with a heavy gold necklace, looked as if it had been copied from a Renaissance portrait—as indeed it had. Her hair was banded around her head and low over her ears and neck with golden ribbon.

This was not the way either Lady Laura or Althea, who had so recently been given a brief outline of Judith's background, expected a girl to look who had been brought up on a farm and who had later become a trained nurse. True, her husband was now evidently a writer of some standing and therefore probably in comfortable circumstances; but there was nothing about his appearance to suggest prosperity or even much regard for the amenities.

The Ambassador, still less informed than the others, was also puzzled and took immediate steps to put an end to the bewilderment.

"You have just arrived in London?" he inquired of Joe, coming straight to the point.

"Yesterday. We took the boat train direct to London."

"Ah, now I understand. You came on the Franconia with the Castles."

"Well, I don't know that they'd put it just that way. We had passage on the same ship and I'm doing some articles on Mr. Castle, but I don't think he and his wife considered us members of their party. They do have a maid and valet along though—not to mention eighty-seven pieces of baggage."

Joe grinned, and the smile suddenly lighted a face which, in repose, had seemed almost sombre. Thus illumined, its lines and its sallowness were somehow almost obliterated. Simultaneously, Lady Laura and Althea decided that though, by no stretch of the imagination, could he have been called good-looking, he, too, had considerable personality.

Both would have been glad to engage him in small talk, but found themselves compelled instead to take a minor part in the conversation between Judith and Hilary who were reviewing old times with evident enjoyment. The Ambassador now had Joe Racina firmly in his clutches.

"Ah—I did not catch your name at first! Of course, of course! I have read a number of your articles, all with great pleasure and admiration. So now you are turning your attention to the Middle East. I'm delighted to hear it."

"Well, not to the Middle East, exactly. I've never been there, and, unfortunately, I'm not one of those writers who can burst successfully into print about one of the places he's never seen, or where he's been for only two or three days—spent mostly at the bar of the best hotel. But as I said, I'm writing now about Mr. Castle, and, naturally, the subject of the Aristanian oilfields enters into the picture. Of course you know that he spent a good deal of time in them, when he was a young engineer."

"Of course, of course!" echoed the Ambassador. "In my country we are delighted with his appointment. Such long experience, such thorough knowledge as Mr. Castle possesses are very rare in an outsider. We should also be delighted to have you visit us. I would be only too pleased to offer you every facility."

"It's very kind of you. But this is just a flying trip—literally, as far as our return is concerned. We've left the kids behind with my wife's parents and they'll be such spoiled brats

by the time we get back that there'll be no living with them, if we're gone too long. Besides, Judith worries when she's away from them."

"Then I hope you will give me the opportunity of conferring with you here, not only about oil, but on many kindred subjects. I should be delighted to have you and your wife dine with me at the Embassy. Or perhaps, as a starter, we could talk a little tonight. I'm going to the play, like the others. In fact, I have the box next to theirs. It seats only three, but that would be just large enough."

"It's very kind of you. However, I'm sure you must have invited other guests, and—"

"My wife was planning to join me," the Ambassador interrupted. "My wife and my mother-in-law. The latter is quite of the old school, and my wife, as a dutiful daughter, defers to her wishes; so they do not go to parties like this. But occasionally they do go to a play, sitting in the rear of a box. It would be very simple for me to telephone and say I have made other plans. Really, I should be de—"

"I hadn't quite finished," Joe said imperturbably. "I started to say that we're all fixed for the play anyhow. I sent Janice a radio from the ship—I thought as long as I was going to be here for a few days, I might as well do a piece on her, too. She started calling me before the boat-train got in, and after we finally made connections she offered me her house seats for tonight. I knew her when—she knew me when, too, as far as that goes. We were both supes in the same play when I was working my way through a graduate course at the University of Chicago, and she was trying to help her mother pay for the groceries."

He gave his engaging smile and went on talking.

"The money came in handy for both of us, and we didn't know at the time she was going to be a real actress, so it didn't occur to her to high-hat me. I gave her as much of a rush as my very limited finances would allow, and she's never held it against me that I didn't follow through. No reason why she should—she's had plenty of other interests. But we've kept in touch with each other, more or less, and apparently she feels—well, delighted is the word, isn't it?—at the prospect of a piece. Excuse me—I think Hilary's trying to catch our eye and call our attention to another arrival."

Jacques de Valcourt, suave, elegant, and self-assured, and obviously in the best of health and spirits, came gaily forward. He was wearing the uniform of a French Colonel of Cavalry, and its row of multi-colored ribbons bore witness to a distinguished military career. He needed no introduction, except to the Racinas, and he was soon chatting with them as easily as if he had known them all his life.

He had been playing polo that afternoon, and it had looked like a good game; then they had been obliged to call off the match because of the weather. This English climate! But it was wonderful for gardens. He was really proud of his roses, and a good many were still in bloom. The Lancaster and York? No, he did not have that one, though he had heard of it. They did? Well, it would be worth a trip to the United States just to come to Farman Hill, in that case. He would have to see if he could not get sent on some mission to Washington.

The Foreign Office was always dreaming up missions. Meanwhile, the Racinas must come out to Chiswick and see



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● THIS PEACEFUL SCENE is not, as you might imagine, somewhere far in the outback. It is in Centennial Park, right in the heart of Sydney. The two young riders, Janice Green (left) and Philipa Garlick, are typical of the hundreds of horsemen and horsewomen who exercise their hacks every week-end on the tree-shaded three-mile track that circles the 480-acre park. Staff photographer John Jones took the picture near one of the park's ten lakes.

NEW LUXURY LINER FOR AUSTRALIA



● The P. & O. liner *Iberia*, pictured on these pages, is the last word in modern luxury sea travel.

THE new *Iberia*, which recently visited Australia on her maiden voyage, is a very different vessel to the first *Iberia* belonging to P. & O.

The old *Iberia*, which was built in 1836, was a tiny wooden paddle steamer. The new one is a luxury liner of approximately 30,000 tons.

She completes, for the time being, the company's building programme for passenger vessels on the Australian run.

Carrying 674 first-class passengers and 733 tourist-class passengers, the new ship is the last word in modern travelling comfort.

Nine public rooms, a nursery, and swimming pool is the accommodation afforded first-class passengers, while there are seven public rooms and a nursery and swimming pool for tourist class.

Special emphasis has been placed on the furnishings.

Architect in charge of decor was Mr. Patrick McBride, and Miss Barbara Oakley was in charge of color schemes throughout the ship.

A large central mural painting is in the first-class dining-room. This has been carried out by Kenneth Rowntree, who is in charge of all mural painting at the Royal College of Art.

In the first-class verandah cafe, opposite the main bar opening, the casing has been overlaid with panels. Three of these feature oil paintings of Australian birds.

TOURIST-CLASS VERANDAH CAFE. One wall of this room is taken up by the striking *Don Quixote* mural, which has been sand-blasted on glass. The *Iberia* carries 733 tourist passengers.



LIBRARY. Chair covers in the library are of linen, printed with a contemporary design that harmonises with the handwoven carpet in charcoal, red, and green. The corner seats are covered in hide. Heavy-textured gold-colored curtains at the end of the room cover frosted windows. Glass-fronted bookcases can be seen on each side.

Page 12



TOURIST-CLASS LOUNGE. The lounge is one of seven public rooms in the tourist class of the ship. In addition there is also a nursery and swimming pool for the passengers, who are carried in cabins for two, four, or six. The main decorative feature of the lounge is the highly colored panel with designs of birds, animals, and flowers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 24, 1954



FIRST-CLASS POOL CAFE has its own distinctive ornamental features on the sides of the bar counter. Eighteen panels featuring branches of six British trees—the oak, ash, chestnut, lime, sycamore, and hornbeam—are all in varying shades of green on a very light green background. The pool cafe is situated aft of the dance floor.



WRITING-ROOM. The writing-rooms on either side of the library have each been set out with simplicity. Shown above is the port-side writing-room. While the basic design for both writing-rooms is the same, completely different color schemes and materials give each room its own individuality. Concealed lighting is augmented by lamps.



VERANDAH CABIN. There are eight de luxe cabins, situated amidships on B Deck, in the Iberia. All have recessed bedsteads to enable the rooms to be used as spacious sitting-rooms during the day, and all enjoy the advantages of air-conditioning. The two verandah cabins have walls of striped sycamore and furniture of English chestnut.

Who will win £1000 radio award?



ELAINE FENN, Melbourne pianist, aged 17, who is studying hard to make music her career, practises four or five hours every day. She has had wins in eisteddfods.



STEWART HARVEY, bass baritone, of Sydney, who is a native of Auckland, New Zealand, where he sang with almost every major choir and the National Orchestra.



TETRA HARMONISTS, of W.A., novelty instrumentalists, are J. Taylor (guitar), I. Butson (double bass), K. Keseling (piano accordion), and L. Keseling (guitar).



WALTER PITT, crooner, will travel from his home town, Cairns, Queensland, for the finals. He is a brother of blues singer Georgia Lee, now a topline artist in London.



JACQUELINE FUSS, soprano, of Adelaide, is aged 14. She has had no voice training, but her sole ambition is to be a good radio singer. She topped the poll in a semi-final.



TERRY PALLISTER, 23-year-old Sydney tenor, who is at present training at the National Opera School. He works on his family's oyster lease at George's River.

On Thursday, November 25, at 8 p.m., radio listeners will hear the grand final of the Lever £1000 Radio Award for 1954, to be broadcast over a national network in Australia's Amateur Hour.

TEN clever amateur acts to be featured in the broadcast are shown on this page. One of them will be judged the winner by listeners' votes.

The winner will be announced on December 23, at 8 p.m. in a broadcast over the same network. Director of the Amateur Hour, Mr. Terry Dear, who will make the announcement, will also present the winner with the £1000 cheque.

Competitors in the grand final, who represent every State except Tasmania, have been selected from the 53 broadcasts of Australia's Amateur Hour during the past year.

Of the 10 grand finalists, six were selected by listeners from six semi-final programmes and four were judges' selections.

The six selected by listeners were Terry Pallister, John Blizzard, Stewart Harvey, Jacqueline Fuss, Anthony Copp, and Malcolm Corbett. Judges' selections were Walter Pitt, Elaine Penn,

The Ted Young Quartet, and The Tetra Harmonists.

The grand final is being held in conjunction with the Amateur Hour's 14th anniversary celebrations.

Organisers of the broadcast have arranged for the finalists from other States to fly to Sydney two days before it takes place.

Instituted in 1951, the Lever £1000 Award is made annually to the artist or artists' team appearing on Australia's Amateur Hour who are selected by the listeners as the one most likely to succeed and to benefit by the award.

In 1951 the Lever £1000 Award was won by brilliant young Sydney violinist Maurice Stead; in 1952 by brother-and-sister piano duettists James and Nola Powell, of Wollongong, N.S.W.; and in 1953 by Sydney tenor Peter Khlentzos.

Maurice Stead holds the Amateur Hour voting record. He won the 1951 grand final with 105,411 votes.



THE TED YOUNG QUARTET (above), of Sydney, comprises four young Dutchmen who have been in Australia one year.

MALCOLM CORBETT (right), of Sydney, is a 15-year-old boy soprano. He has won prizes in City of Sydney Eisteddfods.



ANTHONY COPP, 16-year-old Sydney baritone, is the largest competitor in the finals. He weighs over 21 stone, and is six feet three inches tall. He hopes to study dramatic art.



JOHN BLIZZARD, of Melbourne, is a 16-year-old violinist. He attends Coburg High School, and studies the violin at Melbourne Conservatorium. He is a keen fisherman.





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CALL ME HIGHNESS



SITA DEVI, junior Maharane of Baroda, enjoys a cigar as she chats with her husband, the Gaekwar of Baroda. Sita smokes cigars and American cigarettes, using a holder of pure gold embossed with priceless rubies.

Demand for Baroda's fabulous State jewels ends romance

By **FREDERIC
MULLALLY**

The romance of the Gaekwar of Baroda and his Maharane, Sita Devi, hailed as one of the world's most beautiful women, caused, in its beginning, violent political and domestic storms. It is ending in a high-class wrangle over the Baroda State jewels.

THE world was appraised of the situation when the Gaekwar, said to have a personal fortune of £11,250,000, announced that his wife had left him. Immediately afterwards, the Maharajah took a step, that must surely have humiliated his wife. He announced in both the English and American newspapers that he was no longer responsible for his wife's debts.

At the same time his lawyer, Mr. Max Cotton, told reporters that "the Maharane had not complied with the Gaekwar's demands that she return the former State jewels of Baroda."

The Maharane, three days before the Gaekwar made the announcement, left Paris for New York.

Quick to reply to the Gaekwar's varied announcements, the Maharane said simply that she did not think it "very nice" of the Gaekwar to make such remarks.

She was, however, far more specific about the jewels. "What I have is mine," she said. "I have taken no family heirlooms."

Jewels solace

THE jewels mean a lot to Sita Devi. After her marriage to him on New Year's Eve, 1944, they were her solace, for both the British and Indian Governments refused to recognise her officially, for the Maharajah's first wife was still living.

She met the new, young Maharajah of Baroda at a race meeting in 1943.

That she was there at all was due to her striving against the Indian customs. For Sita

Devi had always been a tom-boy and fought against her preparation as a submissive dedicated Indian wife and mother.

Her early marriage to a dull but worthy member of the Madras Legislative Council named Apparao released her from her father's household and the hostility and tension in which she lived.

After she had given him a son, she was able to get out among wealthy Indian society.

Sita Devi was strikingly beautiful and the eyes of men followed her appraisingly.

Pratapsingh, the bulky, handsome 33-year-old Maharajah, fell beneath her spell.

He was already married. He fell in love with Sita Devi. He wanted her.

But there were difficulties.

Shanta Devi, sought Britain's intervention, as paramount power. She demanded that Baroda abdicate in favor of their eldest son, Fateh Singh.

In the end the matter was settled, uneasily, by a split in the household, with Baroda and his new, young bride maintaining their own palaces.

The arrangement suited the ambitious but pleasure-loving Sita Devi. She was the Maharane of Baroda, enjoying all the homage and power, proper to her status, but free—as the senior Maharane could never be free—to pursue with her husband a glamorous and exciting life in the capitals and playgrounds of the world.

With her retinue of servants she wintered in the south of France, or in the palatial Baroda residence, Pratap Villa,

Love overcame obstacles

A year before Pratapsingh had given his assent to a new law banning polygamy in the State of Baroda. And Sita Devi, a Hindu, could not obtain a divorce.

In December, 1943, Sita Devi became a Muslim and filed suit for divorce. Within a fortnight it was granted, unopposed, and on Christmas Eve Sita Devi became a Hindu once more. A week later Pratapsingh married his princess in defiance of the State's new law. She became the junior Maharane of Baroda.

There was a violent political and domestic reaction. Baroda's Prime Minister, his protests overridden by the infuriated young ruler, resigned.

The Maharajah's first wife, now the senior Maharane,

at Palm Beach, Florida, U.S.A. Paris beckoned her in April, England for the summer race meetings. And in August and September there was Deauville, the casinos, and the smart international set.

But she was soon to learn that, in this century, wealth and power cannot endure for long when unwedded to responsibility.

In April, 1951, her husband was forced to abdicate. He retained the honorary title of "Maharajah" and her own title now became even more of a courtesy. Protocol—that ice-cold, punctilious arbiter of privilege and status—turned a haughty shoulder to her.

She pretended for a while to accept this turn in her fortunes with good humored equanimity. All was for the

best, in the best of all possible worlds.

Abdication forced many economies upon the Gaekwar and his Sita Devi. First thing they did was to sell some of their English homes.

When their farm, "Frith Park," was sold she gave instructions for certain choice pieces of furniture to be stored; the rest of the contents were put out on the huge lawn and her staff invited to take their pick.

Dealers benefit

THE one discordant note in this gracious and beneficent gavel was struck by three enterprising dealers from London, who made their headquarters in the pub down the road and did brisk business with the staff for two days.

In the spring of 1952, "everybody" was in Paris. From her apartment in Neuilly, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, Sita Devi sent an invitation to her old acquaintances the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Would they like to come to cocktails with herself and the Maharajah?

The Windsors were regretful. But their secretary said they would be happy if the Barodas would care to join them for cocktails at their then home in the Rue de la Faisanderie. The Maharajah accepted the invitation. His wife stayed home.

About this time, Sita Devi became noticeably insistent on the use of her title.

One day, she took one of her closest woman friends aside. Gently, almost apologetically, she reproved her friend for addressing her in company as "Sita." "The Maharajah doesn't like it," she explained. "You must always call me 'Your Highness'."

The glamorous Princess Sita Devi, junior Maharane of

Oriental beauty in big squabble



THE GAEKWAR of Baroda and the Maharanee watch animal fights at his birthday celebration in 1948. Immediately the party was over (it lasted a week) the successful movement to depose him, in which he was bitterly attacked, began.

Baroda, was feeling "browned off." Her horse Aquino II, entered for the 1953 Goodwood Cup, had gone lame. It was a great horse, a proven stayer, and she had set her heart on winning the Cup. Her trainer, Peter Nelson, had telephoned the bad news to the Maharanee at her Grosvenor Square apartment. It seemed that a nail had penetrated the quick of Aquino II's hoof, causing painful inflammation.

Next morning at four the Maharanee's personal physician set off for the Nelson stables at Upper Lambourn in company with the Maharajah. The trainer and his veterinary surgeon met them there. Would the vet mind if the Maharanee's doctor had a look at Aquino II? He shook his head and stood by silently, as the Mayfair doctor made his examination.

He dressed and packed the hoof with a powder and gave instructions for it to be soaked in brine as long as possible.

Within 24 hours the hoof had swollen up and Aquino II was scratched from the race. The sequel was a letter from Weatherby's to Her Highness the Maharanee strongly reproving her for sending her doctor down to the stables. Sita Devi tossed the letter aside. To her secretary she snapped: "I'll do what I like with my own horses."

Born gambler

THE incident typifies Sita Devi's approach to horses. She is first and foremost a gambler. A thoroughbred racehorse is a lovely thing to her, but it achieves real beauty when it is flashing past the winning post well clear of the field at a starting price of 8 to 1.

However, the Maharanee's fortunes turned during the summer racing season; she would always be drawn, as a magnet draws steel, to the gaming tables of Monte Carlo or Cannes in the winter.

Her gambling had the quality of a ritual. The evening would start with a late dinner, usually in the restaurant of the casino in the company of a group of friends. Towards the coffee stage, one of the Maharanee's A.D.C.s would be sent to "see how the game was going."

£5000 for chips

THE game was always baccarat and it was the A.D.C.'s job to let her know whether the bank was winning or losing. The A.D.C. would make his report and then take up his stand inside the salle privée to await Sita Devi and her friends.

As the graceful Eastern beauty was bowed across the threshold, she would raise a slim, jewel-glittering hand to

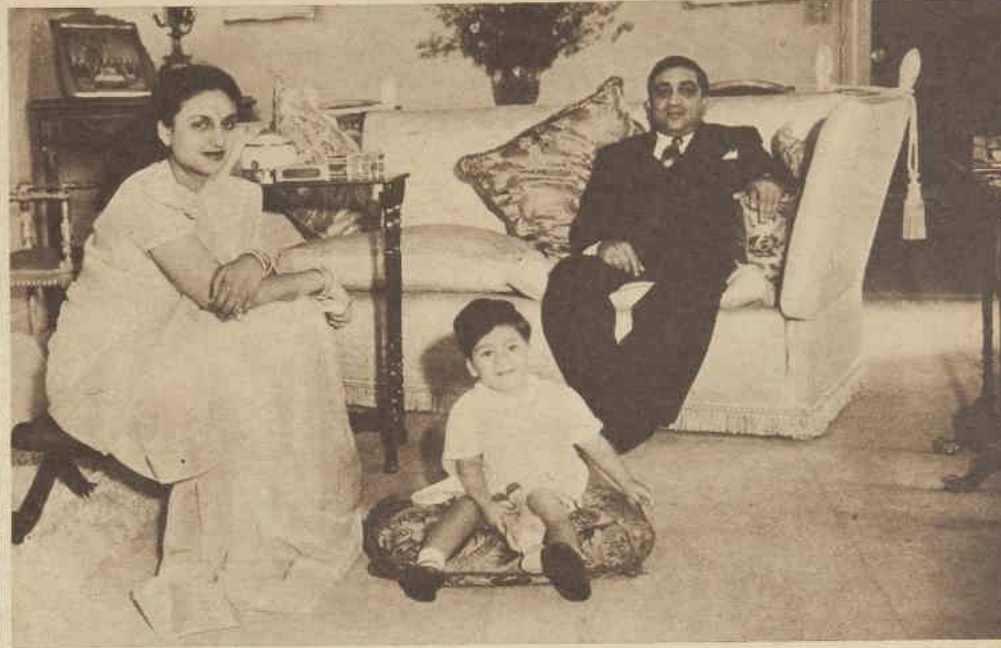
Gaming tables ritual

the A.D.C. Five extended fingers would send him off to buy £5000 worth of chips. A winning bank might cause her to raise just three or four fingers.

Her stakes were never less than this. Her usual place at the table—No. 2—would have been reserved for her.

Dawn would be painting turquoise streaks on the inky Mediterranean before she left the casino and, in those hours, she might have won as much as £7000 or lost up to £14,000. Though, even when luck was running with her, she avoided reckless play. She has been known to gamble £2000 on the turn of one card.

It was past 3 a.m. and Sita Devi, Maharanee of Baroda, was still talking. She lay half propped up against the pink silk monogrammed pillows of her enormous bed. Matching silken sheets were drawn modestly to her shoulders, so that only the wispy straps of her gossamer chiffon nightdress were visible.



HAPPY FAMILY photographed in England before the rift. In foreground is Prince Sayajirao, son of the Gakwar and the junior Maharanee. The prince is called "Babu." At right: Sita Devi on the way to have an audience with the Pope.

A Madrassi servant lay curled in sleep across the entrance to the closed room. Inside, a young English A.D.C. stood by the fireplace, his head nodding as much from fatigue as from deferential interest in what the Maharanee was saying.

He knew what was expected of him — or of some other member of the household who might have been summoned to the boudoir, on one pretext or another, after Sita Devi "retired" for the night.

Her Highness could not bear to spend the hours of darkness alone. Sleep never came to her, nor could she bring herself to invite it with pills or draughts. So long as he could remain awake on his feet (no male member of the staff was ever invited to sit on

mony. In Sita Devi, this contradiction is sharply defined. She will speak to Bombay from London for forty minutes at £1 a minute, but her staff has to submit a list of all its local telephone calls.

Her house guests are afforded every luxury during their stay, but are a little shaken when they leave by being presented with a bill for any newspapers they might have taken during their stay.

Mood fragrance

AMONG the hazards balancing the pleasures of friendship with Sita Devi is one particularly embarrassing to the menfolk. Her Highness has the characteristic oriental passion for perfumes. She tries everything new, seeking always some subtle, sensual novelty, some hitherto unbottled "mood-fragrance," as she puts it.

Most women, when they are trying new perfumes, rub a little into the skin of their hands to get the scent under natural, air-exposed conditions. Sita Devi has her own method.

Before setting out for the parfumerie, she ropes in a man friend. The merest acquaintance will do if she is pressed for time. "Come and help me choose some perfume," she says, and the unwary male is whisked off to the stores.

The Maharanee circles him the while, her sensitive nostrils acting and reacting like a gazelle's. The purchase is made, the smiling shop girls flutter their customer out to the street and Sita Devi takes grateful leave of her escort.

Meantime, the rift between Sita Devi and her husband widened. More and more, he became preoccupied with what was happening in India.

A new restlessness has seized his lovely princess. She still makes more impact on a man than a cartload of Holly-



wood glamor-girls. But she is 35 now and the turf and baccarat tables are, somehow, less excitingly green than they were.

Her friends are faithful. Old and close friends in England, like Sir Walter Monckton, Lord and Lady Baron, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clarke, still seek out the dark flame of her company.

And abroad, there is

Somerset Maugham, the chic French countesses of her set, rich American racing and business men like R. B. Strassburger and Laurie Lake, who make up her contained and friendly private world. And there is always, of course, "dear Khammy"—His Excellency Khammy Hussein Pasha—former brother-in-law of Farouk and her devoted admirer.

paul Duval

INTRODUCES

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Superbly fine and light . . . swirling beautiful clouds of fragrant Blue Mist perfume all about you. 4/11



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A lovely jar of scented blue crystals for the final touch of fragrant bath-tub luxury. 7/11

A
SYMPHONY OF
FRAGRANT BEAUTY
IN BLUE

BY

paul Duval

PERSONALISED COSMETICS AND MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS EVRON LIPSTICK

NAVAL DRAMA: "THE CAINE MUTINY"

Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
McMAHON

● Producer Stanley Kramer made the screen version of the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, "The Caine Mutiny," for Columbia Studios.

Telling the story of an American naval operation in the Pacific during World War II, when the increasing mental instability of the ship's commander causes him to be relieved of duty by his own officers, it presents action-packed drama on the grand scale.

Hollywood gathered a top cast to man the Caine, including Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, and Jose Ferrer.

The technicolor film was made in co-operation with the U.S. Navy Department.

**They play big roles
as ship's officers**



NEWCOMER Robert Francis portrays young Ensign Willie Keith, who figures prominently in dramatic film incidents.



FRED MACMURRAY as Lieut. Tom Keefer, the glib intellectual who is the real instigator of the mutiny on the Caine.



VAN JOHNSON (right), as Lieut. Maryk, with Defence Attorney Barney Greenwald (Jose Ferrer) at the court martial.



HUMPHREY BOGART (right) as Captain Queeg, skipper of the Caine, the central, complex character in this drama of mutiny at sea. The commander's role is the most exacting in the picture, requiring the actor to portray a frightened, insecure, querulous man, small of mind and mean of spirit, who at the same time possesses qualities of authority and command. It is only as his nerves begin to give way under the stress of fear that Queeg's true nature is revealed.



1. INJURED by bandits after finding emerald-bearing rock, ambitious Rian Mitchell (Stewart Granger), right, is rescued by Father Ripero (Robert Tafur).



2. CONVALESCING, Mitchell is provoked by Catherine Knowland (Grace Kelly), who operates a nearby property with her brother Donald. She disapproves his mining plans, but helps him travel to nearby township.

GREEN FIRE

FILMED on South American locations, Metro's "Green Fire" is an adventure-romance about a search for the rarest of all jewels—the emerald.

In the story, Stewart Granger portrays a rugged mining engineer who is obsessed with the desire to find emeralds, but must finally choose between fabulous wealth and love. This action-full role is well suited to his particular talents. Granger's co-star is Grace Kelly, Hollywood's most sought-after young actress. Her part is that of a courageous plantation owner who takes a chance on losing the man she loves in order to win a principle and to save her own home from ruin.



3. MEETING his partner, Vic Leonard (Paul Douglas), right, Rian talks him into returning up-country to continue mining operations. On the way they are attacked by bandits.



4. OFFER by Donald Knowland (John Ericson), left, of men and money for mining is accepted by partners, even though it means the end of Catherine's dream to rebuild the coffee plantation. Rift between Rian and Catherine widens.



5. DISCOVERY of promising ore keeps Rian and his crew busy. The work is gruelling, and there is lots of strife. Vic breaks with Rian.



6. JOINING Catherine and Father Ripero, Vic offers to help harvest her coffee crop. However, mine work causes the river to flood and threaten the property. Then Donald is killed at the mine while stealing ore.



7. LEFT. Fight between friends ends when Rian blows up the mine. Attack on bandits are also destroyed. 8. ABOVE. Dishevelled but happy, Rian and Catherine embrace. The mine is lost, but the property is safe.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Command

WARNERS have put together a traditional Indian versus U.S. Army Western called "The Command" and slipped into it some unusual touches.

There is, for instance, Guy Madison's unorthodox hero—a young Army doctor who, without any previous experience of Indian warfare, mounts an enterprising defence of a civilian wagontrain attacked by Redskins.

There are also unethical tribesmen who palaver not at all, and break the rules by launching massed attacks across the colored Cinema-Scope screen instead of sending in wave formations of braves.

In addition, the script resorts to the ingenious device of introducing smallpox into Indian hunting grounds, and this is bad medicine indeed for the unsuspecting enemy.

The material slacks off, however, into a kind of tedium on the human-relationships side of the film, and there is also a fair bit of cliché-laden dialogue.

Far more spirited than the romance between Guy Madison and Joan Weldon is the big finale clash in which combined cavalry and infantry units under Madison's command convoy the civilians to safety.

It's the sort of running fight that John Wayne introduced in "Hondo," and almost as effective.

James Whitmore is in excellent form as a tough cavalry sergeant.

In Sydney—Plaza.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★ Creature from the Black Lagoon

UNDERWATER photography and picturesque tropical sets are effective, but the story behind Universal's science-fiction thriller doesn't go down too well.

Nor has the creature itself—a be-gilled and finny denizen of eerie lagoon waters somewhere along the stretches of the Amazon—what it takes to bring a chill to the back of the neck.

By and large, the picture is probably average value.

More fictional than scientific, the story recounts the adventures of a group of eager ichthyologists who invade the lagoon and proceed to hunt down the deadly fish-man who dwells in its depths.

Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, and veteran Antonio Moreno are among those directly implicated. Carlson is romantically involved with lady scientist Julia Adams, who brightens up the expedition with her natty collection of sportswear.

The creature, justifiably angered by the humans' efforts to capture him, kills five of his tormentors before being despatched to a watery grave, riddled with rifle bullets.

The film's oddest quirk is that which permits the monster to take a shine to Julia. Perhaps it's because she swims like a fish.

In Sydney—Capitol.

News from studios

BRITISH interest in making a string of major films in Australia is reviving enormously.

There are signs of it everywhere. Next week Australian scriptwriter Rex Rienits, now in hot demand as a screenplay author here, is flying to Australia to explore several ideas for films set in Australia.

Big news is Australia's Peter Finch signing a dream contract with the Rank Organisation by which he makes one picture yearly for them for five years and remains for the rest of the time free to act where and with whom he wishes.

One significant clause reported in this contract is that if he makes a film in Australia Peter will have to give Rank slightly more of his time for its production. This alone shows that the Rank Organisation is giving film-making in Australia serious thought.

ONE of Rank's producers, John Bryan, who made the brilliantly successful "The Purple Plain," starring Gregory Peck, is trying to persuade the organisation that it is

time somebody filmed "Robbery Under Arms" as a big color epic. He wants Peck to play Captain Starlight. Rank's executives have been discussing seriously the idea of building their own studios in Australia.

If they go ahead with this, Australia's own "Hollywood" will become a reality—but, like Hollywood, away from the focus of commerce. A likely spot they believe would be close to Adelaide. In any case the prospect for a native Australian film production is looking up.

★ ★ ★

DAVID NIVEN surprised

Hollywood with his reason for asking for, and getting, his release as Clark Gable's co-star in "Soldier of Fortune." "I'm too busy with all my television commitments," Niven told Fox, Susan Hayward, the feminine lead, stepped out of the film a week before Niven. Her reason? She couldn't take her children with her to Hongkong, where the picture is to be made.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 24, 1954



POT PLANTS and hanging baskets are grown in the bush-house at Randwick Racecourse, Sydney, N.S.W. During race meetings they decorate the stands and committee rooms.

BUSH-HOUSE DESIGN

● Build a bush-house to fit into the modern trend of outdoor living and it will become, with its cool atmosphere, your greatest defence against the hot, sticky days of midsummer.

NOT so long ago the bush-house was more often than not an ugly construction of laths, which contained layer upon layer of ferns.

Inside they were often very attractive, but they were made exclusively for ferns—there wasn't much room for people.

Modern bush-house design incorporates a paved area, usually along one of the cooler sides where the bush-house is not enclosed. Here the shade and protection from wind take the sting from the worst summer day.

A few simple seats and a table are all that is needed to complete the hot-day comfort. The best shape for a bush-house is a wide rectangle, because it is easier to landscape and gives a more attractive result.

Select as far as possible an area which is fairly level, as this saves a lot of back-breaking work.

The framework can be made equally well with wood, pipe, or steel.

If wood is the choice it must be top-quality hardwood. A fairly large bush-house, on which it is intended to plant creepers, will need 4in. by 4in. uprights.

The supporting framework can be considerably lighter without any danger.

In Australia, which seems to specialise in bush-houses, shade is most commonly and best achieved by covering the roof and sunny sides of the framework with big-eyed galvanised wire-netting, tied with tie-wire or nailed to the frame, and then threaded with green tea-tree twigs.

This is easy to do and cheap. It makes a good shade and an excellent wind-break, because the branches are formed of many little twigs, and, even when dead, the leaves do not fall off for a considerable time.

The eastern and southern sides of the house should be

only lightly twigged or, in reasonably good climates, left open altogether. The aim in a bush-house is to get shelter from wind and hot sun, but plenty of light and early-morning sunshine are desirable.

In the hottest climates, it is a good idea to intensify the shade on the hot northern and western sides by planting light-growing creepers and letting them climb on the tea-tree.

Suggestions are cobaea, which has purple bell-shaped flowers, clematis, with its pink-and-white stars, or sweet-scented jasmine.

Proper watering is very important in bush-houses, which must not be allowed to dry out. There is no doubt that best results are achieved when water is applied as a fine, misty spray.

A splendid method is to fit fine nozzles to a lin. diameter pipe, which is laid just below the surface. The nozzles will protrude only about an

GARDENING

inch, and two will water a fairly large house very adequately, with no more trouble than is involved in turning on a tap.

Gardeners with small bush-houses may not wish to go to the trouble of laying a pipe. An ordinary garden hose fitted with a fine nozzle will give good results.

In a small bush-house, benches rather than ground beds are more convenient and useful.

A three-foot-wide bench (made of hardwood) can be built around the walls, and a centre bench can be as wide as four feet if the bush-house is big enough.

Benches can be made of 3in. by 1in. boards placed close together, yet with small spaces to enable water to get away.

Some gardeners place tan

bark, and others fine coke, on the shelves as a foundation for the flower-pots.

Each has its advantages. The former holds the moisture and maintains the humidity; the latter assists drainage and protects the wood from the effect of too much moisture.

In a larger bush-house a more informal and beautiful display can be obtained by combining ground planting with pot-plants.

Dig the soil deeply where the beds are to be made, drain it if necessary, and enrich it with compost or old animal manure.

For the bush-house beds azaleas are ideal, especially the small kurume types which produce such a profusion of small blossoms in the spring. There are dozens of different kinds, varying from pastels to vivid colors.

Fuchsias and hydrangeas are also a good choice, as they do well with the protection from hot, drying winds, which often damage their delicate flowers in the open garden.

Cinerarias also like shelter and can be bedded or potted in the bush-house during the spring. There is still time to plant out seedlings in the more southern States.

They like rich soil and should be kept growing by boosting them with liquid manure applications every three weeks.

If the tunnels of the leaf-miner appear on the leaves, spray with DDT at 10-day intervals.

Of the many ferns, the most attractive are maiden-hair, bird's nest, and tremula, which is a dwarf relative of the old bracken fern. These can be potted or bedded.

Other very suitable plants for pots are cyclamen, primula, calceolaria, and hardy cymbidium and slipper orchids.

Hanging baskets planted with trailing and colorful plants like lobelia, schizanthus, and the light-growing fuchsias add color to the bush-house.

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HIS MISTAKE



"You've filled in this application all right except for one thing, Mr. Perkins—where it asks the relationship of Mrs. Perkins to yourself, you should have put down 'wife,' not 'strained.'"

MOTHER



"How do we know when we've had enough to eat? Mum tells us!"

It seems to me

AUSTRALIAN wives tend to dominate their husbands, so the Psychology Department of Melbourne University has established in a domestic survey.

The research workers base their finding on answers to a number of questions. They have found, for instance, that wives make most of the decisions re family outings, holidays, visitors, and have more and more to say about money affairs.

I wouldn't quarrel with the facts they've uncovered. No doubt the survey was conducted in a way worthy of an academic institution.

But I can't agree with their conclusion on the growing dominance of the wife.

Men are just getting smarter than they were, that's all.

One of the main reasons for a woman to marry used to be that she had decisions made for her. (There were plenty of devious methods of influencing these decisions when necessary.)

If she now has to bother her pretty head continually with executive family problems, she must sometimes sigh for the days when her decisions involved only one person (herself), not two, four, or six.

The way things are going, the girls will soon find themselves filling in the income-tax return and attending to all the business affairs which until now have formed one of the most powerful arguments against spinsterhood.

Dominant, indeed! The girls are just letting the breadwinners put it over them.

THE question of sex superiority has reared its head, surprisingly enough, in the matter of the new speaking clocks at Melbourne and Sydney Post Offices.

A man's voice has been chosen for these clocks.

In Britain the Post Office listened to 15,000 telephonists before choosing "The Girl with the Golden Voice," a Miss Jane Cain.

But, as the G.P.O. handout puts it, "there have been from time to time in Britain some misunderstandings of the time announced. As a result... it was considered that a man's voice would provide greater intelligibility when the announcements are made over the telephone system with its somewhat restricted frequency response."

In other words, you can hear a man better.

ICELANDIC author Halldor Laxness must be an interesting fellow.

The other day I read an article about him, stating that he "has often attacked capitalism and women."

It is a common enough belief that capitalism can be replaced by another system. But women—difficult to see what you can do about them, isn't it?



Dorothy Drain

ALTHOUGH I had resolved to lay off the subject of flying saucers for a while, it is impossible to ignore the way they're catching on in Europe.

Some Belgians, for instance, have formed a national committee to welcome Martians.

It is said that they have their eye on interplanetary trade. Mercenary as this may be, it is a more peaceful attitude than that of French peasants who, excited by reports of Martian landings, have been attacking earthly neighbors by mistake.

For a while, all the reports from those who mentioned

seeing flying-saucer landings spoke of "little men." (Some were only three feet high.) It looked as if any man of average height or better had no chance of masquerading as a Martian.

However, there has been at least one report, from somewhere on the Continent, of a tall visitor from another planet. I forget whether he was the one who vanished in a puff of green smoke or the one who accepted a drink and then poured himself back into his saucer.

The reason the saucer pilots are small is probably that human beings like to frighten themselves a little, but not too much. Miniature men make the earth-dwellers feel comfortably superior.

Another interesting aspect of the current crop of flying saucers is that they appear to have deserted America temporarily for Europe.

Possibly the visitors are Republicans and were disgusted at the turn of the Congressional elections; or possibly they resemble human beings in that they like a change.

AN advertising agency advertised this month for a "Senior Visualiser... accustomed to working harmoniously as a leader of a team, who can give proof of creative ability and who can contribute advertising ideas."

When a senior visualiser's visualising.
Is he trance-like or just pleasantly remote?
And having visualised, and then advising
Does he say, "I've had a vision. Kindly note."

Or does he sometimes fly in passions, screaming
At junior visualisers who mistake
The purpose that they're paid for, idly dream-
ing
Instead of gazing forward, wide awake?

And does he spend his evening hours in sitting
With armchair, slippers, and a pipe of peace?
Or does his wife perhaps, though all unwitting,
His burdens by domestic ones increase?

And maybe planning home redecoration
Say, "Visualise it, darling—kindly fix."
And does he then regret his occupation
And feel he knocks off work to carry bricks?

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Ice Cream
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WITH
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LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, for the reception after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Durham. The bride was formerly Sonia Miller, daughter of Mrs. Miller, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. C. H. K. Miller. Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Durham, of Double Bay.



ENGAGED. Sue Playfair (right), who has announced her engagement to John Aheill, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Atwill, of The Astor, Macquarie Street, with Jill Campbell. Sue is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair, of Woollahra.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim are delighted that their daughter, Mrs. Peter Frazer, and her baby daughter, Sarah, will be spending Christmas at "Yarralumla," Canberra, with them this year.

They are on their way to Australia on board the Strathnaver, which will arrive in Melbourne on December 6. Mrs. Frazer expects to disembark there and travel to Canberra, probably by air.

The former Miss Una Slim, Mrs. Frazer married Captain Peter Frazer, Grenadier Guards, in January, 1953.

Mrs. Frazer will be among the guests at a Christmas party to be given for Canberra's younger set by Sir William and Lady Slim, who are also planning a children's party for Sarah.

Captain Frazer's regiment is stationed in the Middle East.



AMERICAN Davis Cup player Tony Trabert with Mrs. Donald Smith (centre), wife of the U.S. Consul-General, and Jennifer Staley at the party given in honor of visiting tennis players at the White City clubhouse.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Basil Ferns and his bride, formerly Margaret Hooton, of Clifton Gardens, at the reception at Manly Golf Club after their wedding at St. Clement's, Mosman.



TO LIVE IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling, who are at present travelling via America to London, where they will make their future home. Mrs. Keeling was formerly Robin Stanton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, of Bellevue Hill.

A HECTIC round began for Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly." Young, when she left last week for a whirlwind, just-over-three-weeks' tour of America. Mrs. McFarlane's main objective is the Chicago National Cattle Sales at the end of this month—"Milly Milly" is a Poll Shorthorn stud. Till then, she will visit some of the big stud properties in America.

THREE bridesmaids—Jennifer Street, Annabelle Ayrton, and Jan Milson—will attend Dianne Ayrton when she marries John Street at St. James', Turramurra, on November 19. Dianne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Ayrton, of Warrawee, and John is the son of Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Street, of Darling Point. After the excitement of being a bridesmaid at the wedding, John's sister, Jennifer, will be kept busy with the preparations for her own marriage with Graham Thorp in January.

AT present on the high seas on their way to England in Iberia are Dr. and Mrs. Tom Frost and their three sons, Michael, David, and Jason. The family will be away for about six months and plan to spend most of their time on the Continent to escape the English winter. Visits to France, Italy, and Switzerland are prominent on their itinerary.

CANBERRA will be the future home of newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Palfreeman, who are at present on their honeymoon... a motor tour of southern New South Wales. Mrs. Palfreeman is the former Barbara Rogers, of Mosman.



GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks (left) greet their daughter, Mrs. Robin Byrne, and her son Christopher on their arrival at Mascot airport. Until her husband's arrival in January, Mrs. Byrne will stay with her parents at Government House, Melbourne.



RECENTLY ARRIVED in Sydney from America, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Spender were guests of honor at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Grant Cooper at their Edgecliff home. Peter is the son of the Australian Ambassador in America, Sir Percy Spender, and Lady Spender, of Washington.

IT will be "home in time for Christmas" for Mr. and Mrs. Noel Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, who are travelling companions in Orcades. Both couples have been abroad for about six months, and will arrive in Sydney on December 10. It's good news that Mrs. Vincent has now completely recovered from the bout of pneumonia that sent her to hospital in France.

DATES FOR THE DIARY... November 27, when the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children will benefit from a "Night in Montmartre" to be held at the Tulips restaurant... November 20, for a garden party at "Duffas Park," Glenorie (home of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Viney), organised by the Glenorie Women's Auxiliary of the R.S.L.

Anne

WOMAN OF INTEREST

By GEORGIE SWIFT



MRS. Eugene Goossens, American wife of Eugene Goossens, resident conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and Director of Music at the Conservatorium, is a constant traveller.

She spends one year in Australia and one year abroad, collects clothes as she travels the world.

Mrs. Goossens is one of the best-dressed women in Sydney. She loves clothes but rebels against them, likes to shop for them and forget about them.

She prefers contrasts—slacks all day and dressed up at night. She hates hats, owns two, never wears them, feels they should be as individual as your face.

Travel is her one extravagance. Her husband, a world-famous musician, goes abroad frequently to fulfil engagements. His time is limited, so he flies. Mrs. Goossens likes to take her time around the world travelling tourist class or in small cargo ships.

She thinks there is no fun travelling de luxe—you miss all the interesting people.

Mrs. Goossens does the family cooking. The Goossens' like highly seasoned foods, preferably at irregular hours.

They are all musicians, and entertain musicians, both local and overseas. They like informal parties. After the tension of a concert performance they want to relax and they do this with their friends. Everybody wanders casually in and out of the kitchen, keeping an eye on the food.

Sidonic Goossens, recently married to baritone John Young, is the elder of Mr. Goossens' two daughters and is harpist in the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Renee, younger daughter, aged 14, goes to the Conservatorium school, plays the piano, prays every night to be an opera singer.

A pianist, Mrs. Goossens studied at Juilliard School of Music in New York, says, "When I realised the concert platform was not for me, I relaxed, music became more fun."

She does the things she likes, gardens, goes to concerts, works with her husband for the Congress of Cultural Freedom.

And, of course, she travels.

● Mrs. Eugene Goossens goes to a concert in a white quilted taffeta skirt from London and a jewelled cashmere cardigan. Her jacket is a beautiful white ermine.



● For parties at home, Mrs. Goossens wears a magenta-red skirt of raw silk which she bought in Rangoon. Pierre Balmain also chose this silk in the same color for his own winter collection.



● She listens while her husband, Eugene Goossens, conducts the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at a morning rehearsal in the A.B.C. studio.

● In boots, slacks, and shirt, Mrs. Goossens works in her garden at their home in Wahroonga, N.S.W. Pictures: Staff photographer Robert Cleland.





● (Above.) Her black-and-white plaid cotton dress is from Italy. Her bright red kid shoes are from New York.

● (Below) Mr. Eugene Goossens shows his wife the model of a proposed Opera House for Sydney.



● For formal evenings, Mrs. Goossens wears short evening dress of pink organdie, designed by Celi Chapman, of New York. Her sandals are pink satin. The piano in the family music-room is a magnificent green and gold lacquer Bechstein.



● American fashion of the blazer is a favorite of Mrs. Goossens. Here (left) a vivid green, black braided blazer is tossed over her shoulders. (Above.) After playing tennis with the family, a white fleece blazer with a gold crest on the pocket is worn with navy shorts and shirt.



Here's your answer

● Teenage delinquency has made headlines all over the world this year. Learned men and women have sat on committees, Governments have issued reports, but little has been said by teenagers themselves. For this reason we have given the entire space this week to Dawn Stracey, 19, of Willoughby, N.S.W., who discusses teenage delinquency, its cause and cure.

I AM an ordinary 19-year-old business girl who, like everyone else, has read the Press reports about teenage delinquency.

The alarming increase in the number of teenage sex offences could be decreased considerably if parents adopted a different attitude.

Parents should instil in children, from the earliest age, the idea of being good citizens. First step towards doing this is for parents, by example, to show children how important it is to be polite and courteous within the family circle.

Parents should try to include children in the family life to a greater extent, and encourage them to be more often. Make a practice of saying "Mummy (or Daddy) is proud of you." Avoid telling children that they are "rude" or "bad." "Unladylike" and "ungentlemanly" are better words, as they are more impressive.

As parents are responsible for their own child or children, they should try to supervise their time more carefully. Be careful to see that the children do not see unsuitable films or read unsuitable books.

In my opinion, most children revert to sex out of "boredom." I maintain that if children have hobbies and numerous interests they haven't the desire nor the time to think about sex.

The war had a lot to do with the increase in sex offences by teenagers.

During the war, and since, more mothers have taken jobs. This means that children come home to an empty house and have to amuse themselves for about two and a half hours each day. They play on the streets and generally choose their own friends, some of whom may be unsuitable.

Children should play with other children of their own

family and encourage the children to bring home their friends. Insist that your daughter be chaperoned and that her escort for the evening call for her at home and bring her back by a certain hour, depending on the age of the girl. Eliminate meetings on street corners.

Parents in general could be more careful in giving their children sex instruction. Impress on the young minds that sex is a beautiful thing when shared between two people who are man and wife, but that it is made ugly when given and taken freely without love and marriage.

Sex as a topic should not be avoided. Children are always curious and thirsty for knowledge and eventually the question must arise.

Some children seek knowledge on this subject at an earlier age than others, but, whatever the age, if it is discussed in a careful, unembarrassed way their curiosity is easily satisfied.

If their questions are brushed aside or not answered, they will find out from another source.

If parents train their children well while they are young, they won't have to watch them when they are older.

A little more care in the average home, a feeling of security in family life, more hobbies and interests, and sex instruction when required, is, in my opinion, all that is needed to cut down this alarming rise in number of sex offences by teenagers.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie makes macaroni cheese for Sunday night's supper.

She serves it with grilled tomato halves and bacon rolls.

Spoon measurements are level.

MACARONI CHEESE

Three ounces macaroni, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 pint milk, 4oz. grated processed cheese, 1 teaspoon grated onion.

1. Plunge macaroni into large saucepan of boiling salted water; cook 20 minutes.
2. Drain thoroughly in colander. Pour cold water through macaroni; drain again.
3. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, stir until smooth.
4. Cook 3 minutes over gentle heat, stirring to prevent browning.
5. Add mustard, salt and cayenne pepper, mix well.
6. Add milk all at once, stir until mixture boils.
7. Add drained macaroni, half the grated cheese, and onion.
8. Reheat, then fill into greased pie-dish and sprinkle top with balance of cheese.
9. Brown top under moderate grill.

age group as much as possible, as older children are often a bad influence on younger ones.

Parents should be careful to see that one of them is at home to greet the child and help him find a wholesome interest to fill in these two and a half hours of "playing-time."

Parents should show an interest in the activities of their

Film star's wardrobe

By EDITH HEAD,
Paramount Films fashion designer

ELEANOR PARKER, a really feminine blonde, hates anything mannish-looking in women's clothes. She never wears slacks, mannish shoes, or mannish gloves.

"Men are men," she says, "and women are women, and why ever do women try to dress and look like men?"

When Eleanor wears a suit she wears a really feminine blouse—something sheer with a lacy camisole underneath, or perhaps ruffles at the throat and wrist.

I've sketched some of Eleanor's own pretty ideas for you at the left.

Incidental information about Eleanor: When I go into a room of glamorous film actresses—all the men go straight to Eleanor Parker. Take the hint and copy her clothes.

Next week: Grace Kelly's accessory trick.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

A paper pattern for the matron's dress illustrated below was chosen in answer to numbers of requests for a cool, easy-to-make design suitable for the late forties.

HERE is a typical letter, and my reply, dealing with this fashion problem:

"WOULD you please design me a style for an afternoon frock suitable for a woman in her late forties. I have tried to buy a paper pattern for such a frock, but all the designs seem too fussy for me. I would like a cool, simple style, with short sleeves; the frock is being made up in a navy crepe."

The design I have chosen for your afternoon frock is illustrated at right. It is very simple and serenely cool looking, with its scoop neckline and moderately slim skirt. You omitted to tell me your figure proportions. However, paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. I do hope your size is in this bracket.

"I HAVE decided on the design for my wedding frock and am now appealing to you for a style for my sister who is my bridesmaid. She is very clever with her needle and would like some sort of hand-work on the dress. The material will be a pastel shade of net."

Tiny satin flowers appliqued all over the dress made with a billowing skirt would be a very pretty design for a bridesmaid. The flowers could be matched in color to the dress, or in a contrast, whichever you prefer. Have the bodice of the dress finished with a low, square-cut neckline and tiny sleeves and the waistline encircled with velvet ribbon tied in a bow with streamer ends.

"DO you think a pinafore frock with which I could wear different blouses would be a good idea for a teenage girl's wardrobe?"

Yes, I do. A pinafore dress is an excellent all-purpose teenage fashion—in the city or the country. For the design I like the idea of a bodice top finished with a scooped-out neckline, fitted waist, and soft, unpressed skirt pleats. Wear the pinafore over a crinoline petticoat. Choose stripes, checks, and floral cottons for the blouse to contrast with a solid color for the pinafore.

"I HAVE a very full black net ballerina skirt for which I have bought a rather pretty pink blouse, but the outfit doesn't seem to click. Would a matching blouse be better?"

Personally, I love the combination of black and pink, and think it would be far prettier than all black. What I feel is lacking about your blouse and skirt is a complete

dress is the answer to your problem. For the material I like the combination of fine white lace and nylon tulle. Use the lace for a softly fitted bodice finished with short sleeves and a collar turning back from a V-shaped neckline. Have the skirt in redingote style, showing a panel of narrow pleats in nylon tulle. Wear a shoulder-length circular tulle veil, held in place with a simple wreath made in orange blossom.

"COULD you give me your advice about a pure silk taffeta afternoon frock? I want the bodice to give me a high-bosom look, which actually I haven't got, and the skirt line to have fullness in some unusual way. Please describe the dress in full detail."

The bodice of your taffeta afternoon dress could be given a high-bosom look by soft shirring that springs from a shaped midriff section, rising to almost touch the V neckline. A shirring accent could also be used for above-elbow-length sleeves. Have a full skirt made up of myriad narrow gores cut and stitched in a sunburst effect that rays out from the waist. Have the skirt buoyed out by several net ruffled petticoats.

"MY mother has given me some printed silk with lifelike flowers all over a white ground and I would like a style to do it justice. I will be wearing it after 5 p.m., and want a beltless design and, if possible, a fullish skirt. Something rather feminine is what I had in mind."

A low-necked dress with a taut bodice closely fitted to hips and a full shirred skirt flowing back from the sides would be charmingly feminine for your floral silk.

"COULD you advise me, please, about a black-and-white ensemble I am planning for a visit to Sydney. I have sufficient black shantung for a simple frock, but will have to buy the material for the jacket. I want this outfit to be really smart and striking."

A striking idea for your ensemble would be a slim sheath frock worn with a bosom-length bolero jacket, the latter made in narrow black-and-white stripes. Have the frock finished with a shaped midriff section and high round neck with a white pique bow pulled through slots centre front, just below the throat. Have the jacket front buttoned, up to a small Peter Pan collar, with the sleeves uncuffed and three-quarter length.

For the accessories I like the idea of a wide-brimmed white hat, white handbag, and shoes and gloves in black.



D.S.113. — Matron's frock in sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

look, which could be rectified by a cummerbund belt. Have the latter made in the skirt material, shaped, and backed with dress canvas.

"I AM in rather a quandary about my wedding frock. I want to be married as a bride, but the wedding is small and my future husband will wear a dark navy lounge suit. Would you help me with the design of a frock you consider correct? I want the material to be lace of some sort."

A ballerina-length wedding



Wide interest in our quest for beneficiaries

Nation-wide interest has been aroused by our announcement last week that The Australian Women's Weekly has been appointed to conduct competitions to find the young Australians who will benefit from Peter Mitchell's will.

NOT since the will was published last June has there been so much excited comment and discussion about the unusual bequest.

Judging by the many inquiries we have already received, a tremendous number of applications is likely.

The task of finding the beneficiaries is one we are proud to undertake. We have been empowered by the trustees to do so on their behalf.

We begin it by seeking the 15 young Australian women who will be the prizewinners for 1955.

The list of prizes is given in the panel on this page.

Because of the vast amount of work involved in holding the competitions, we ask intending candidates to note that they must complete their application forms and examination papers and return

them to us not later than January 1, 1955. Papers can be returned to us before this date if they are

PRIZE LIST

THE following prizes will be awarded:
FIRST PRIZE,
£512/16/8.

SECOND PRIZE,
£256/8/5.

THIRD PRIZE,
£128/4/3.

TWELVE PRIZES
OF £64/2/- each.

These amounts are the results of calculations based on the instructions in the will.

completed. It will assist us and the examiners to receive them early.

To obtain these papers, fill in the form on this page and

send it to us, with stamped, self-addressed foolscap envelope, as soon as possible.

Verbatim extracts from the will published last week give details of the conditions required of candidates. In imposing these conditions, Peter Mitchell was expressing his ideals—ideals that we believe will encourage the growth of physical and mental health in young Australians.

Peter Stuckey Mitchell, a grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albany, N.S.W., left a fortune of more than £215,000 to benefit young Australians.

He died in 1921, and his widow, a life tenant in his estate, died in April this year.

His will directed that after his widow's death the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under the age of 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 3½d. stamp, to:

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Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

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STATE

Peter Mitchell intended, through his will, to help young people, sound in mind and body, to fulfil their potentialities as leaders of Australia.

He wanted young people to have an incentive to study to fulfil the conditions of the will—to acquire certain skills and to read a set list of books.

This list was published in last week's issue.

Peter Mitchell wanted young people to read them so that they would attain an understanding of the British heritage. For the same reason he wanted young people to study the history of the British Commonwealth and to understand the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Prizes for the 15 successful women candidates will be awarded in April, 1955.

In the following year we will also conduct the competitions for the 10 youths.

Awards to members of the Navy, Army, and Police Forces will be made on tests conducted within their own organisations.

After the closing date of January 1, 1955, women candidates' completed examination papers will be marked by professional examiners.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in the written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

From the results we will choose a number of girls in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

Girls who are under consideration as finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration stating that information supplied in their application form is true in every detail.

Finalists from each State will be brought to Sydney, where the trustees of the estate, aided by an expert committee, will choose the 15 beneficiaries.

The trustees are Walter George Hendon, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W.; his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson; Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne; and the Union Trustee Company of Australia, Ltd.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 21</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 22—AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20</p>	<p>* Lucky number this week: 1. Important days are November 24 and 27. Golden-browns, tangerine, naturalism colors will take you into sunny places of enjoyment.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 2. Best days are November 23 and 29. All shades of pale pastel green will be helpful if you wish to contact business people.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 3. A touch of cherry or any of the darker reds will assist you to shine in your social world, and bring you personal success.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 4. Best days are November 23 and 29. Wear any shade of mauve, or deep violet, to help attract a sound business proposition.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 5. Important days are November 23 and 28. The charcoal-grey, relieved by a touch of yellow, will bring the approval of elders, superiors.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 6. Best days are November 25 and 27. A lively print, made up of half a dozen colors, will brighten your home, your corner.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 7. Best days are November 24 and 27. Wear pearl-white, oyster-grey, with blue accessories, for little journeys into town.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 8. Best days are November 25 and 27. All shades of rose, as well as the flower itself, are helpful in sound buying, or selling.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 9. Best days are November 25 and 27. All blue shades, from the palest to the deepest, will help that budding romance.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 10. Best days are November 25 and 27. Greys and lavenders would be useful; you are going to be the power behind the scenes.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 11. Best days are November 24 and 27. Combine several colors for gaiety; there will be romance in the air for young and old.</p> <p>* Lucky number this week: 12. Best days are November 24 and 27. A suggestion of daffodil-yellow will help you if you wish to further your career.</p>	<p>* Long term planning in money matters is often a good idea. Better get out pencil and paper for the big days ahead. If a voluntary worker, you are extra busy.</p> <p>* Some recognition, probably of a practical kind, in connection with your past efforts, may be received shortly. This may be an honorarium, or a bonus.</p> <p>* Stick with the crowd of fellow workers and be prepared to do your share of the work so that the group may all benefit; mutual effort can be fun.</p> <p>* Should you be one who wears a uniform, whether in the armed forces, or as a busman, or beauty specialist, etc., important developments are likely in the near future.</p> <p>* That delightful element of luck enters into the picture this week. Either you are on the spot when a position must be filled, or an attractive offer comes chasing you.</p> <p>* If your work is in any way concerned with the home, interior decoration, domestic appliances, flat or house letting, etc., or if you work at home, you'll be successful.</p> <p>* Study the general set-up of your job; you may improve your methods, rearranging essential equipment, learn short cuts through magazines.</p> <p>* Some of you, before long, will be getting the most profitable job you have ever held. If you are only on trial, grit your teeth and determine to make good.</p> <p>* You may push the task assigned right into the background, because your personal emotions are stirred up and your thoughts are elsewhere. Be careful of mistakes.</p> <p>* The bright idea is to get your work done as far in advance as possible, so you can ease off and enjoy a spell away. You'll start up again with fresh zest.</p> <p>* Through the influence of a friend you may take on a temporary or vacation job. If a student, Others make new friends through changes in staff at your job.</p> <p>* Now is the time to advertise your abilities, make useful contacts, in order to further your career. If asked to do something new, take a sporting chance.</p>	<p>* Stand off and take a look at your place of residence, exactly as a stranger might. You may discover several features to criticize, which can be easily mended.</p> <p>* Are there any hazards where you live? Faulty electrical equipment should be attended to at once; also loose boards, etc., for the stars indicate accidents.</p> <p>* Quite likely you will shortly become interested in a scheme demanding the help of the whole family, plus boy, or girl, friends. It ought to be fun.</p> <p>* Don't make such hard work of what must be done. Cut a few unimportant corners rather than become a moaning martyr to a standard of housekeeping.</p> <p>* You are always party conscious, and right now you may be wondering if home would be the best place to entertain. Plan everything before you start; you'll enjoy it.</p> <p>* Some of you will crawl gratefully into your home and hope nobody rings the bell. You want to avoid interruptions, because you are turning the place inside out.</p> <p>* Since you are likely to be bustling off to places you find more interesting, home affairs may be neglected, but you can quickly catch up again, after the interlude.</p> <p>* The lack of money may be what is holding you back from improvements which you desire. Going on a budget need not be so grim as you imagine; it can help you.</p> <p>* Your home is closely identified with you at present. An unusual number of visitors may appear on your doorstep, and the news they bring should be very welcome.</p> <p>* It will not be easy to carry out all your ideas at once, or your energy will collapse, with little accomplished. Choose one target and keep at it until you hit it.</p> <p>* There may be someone who has been using your home at most inconvenient times, or otherwise disturbing the domestic routine. Hint that this is not acceptable.</p> <p>* If you're househunting, whether for a room, a flat, or a suburban vine and the time your chance is good that more than one proposition will be offered you.</p>	<p>* Have you gone all romantic, dreamy, absentminded over that boy, or girl, you met at a dance? Try to discover mutual friends, get to know each other better.</p> <p>* Have you recently had a fight with the one-and-only? Remember the other party may be sorry, too, but not game to make the first effort towards a reconciliation.</p> <p>* The stars smile on engagements and marriage. If already married, there could be most harmonious relations; perhaps an addition to the family may be expected.</p> <p>* The combination of romance and hard work is often highly successful. There is a possibility that the outcome might have a cash value for both of you.</p> <p>* Should you, or your beloved, be concerned with an artistic competition, you have an excellent chance of success. If you are a parent, your children may shine.</p> <p>* Have you been selfish lately, putting your own interest first? Perhaps this has been through pressure or stress; you can make amends by an invitation.</p> <p>* Bring out the best in your beloved by giving him, or her, the occasion to show off talents, accomplishments, before your friends, you are expert at doing this.</p> <p>* Have you decided to spring a surprise on the object of your affection? Don't let the cat out of the bag too soon. A little secret is dear to the Scorpio heart.</p> <p>* If in the throes of a love affair, these are decisive moments. An offer of marriage is highly probable if the girl creates the right atmosphere and the opportunity.</p> <p>* Matters of the heart may be influenced by temporary separation, minor illnesses, or important work to be done, yet, if you are patient, happiness lies around the corner.</p> <p>* Love at first sight, if you're young and impressionable, can be delightful. If a man, give your feelings time to tell; if a girl, don't wear your heart on your sleeve.</p> <p>* Your social group will form the background of an interesting partnership, but it would be tactless to go off on your own at present. Just join in with the rest.</p>	<p>* There is nothing half so good as a little week-end expedition in congenial company. Take on the organization of it and you'll win compliments and popularity.</p> <p>* If you're in the fund-raising business for a worthy cause, you may think you are being rushed to death, but underneath you'll be quite happy about it.</p> <p>* It isn't much of a party, unless the opposite sex is present. Use your magnetic personality to line them up and see they have a good time. You'll be glad if you do.</p> <p>* Staff clubs, picnics, or functions where your colleagues congregate can be enjoyable if they are planned well in advance. You might be asked to sit on a committee.</p> <p>* Dramatic affairs seem indicated. Whether you are an actor or just a scene-shifter, or merely in the audience watching someone dear to you. Otherwise a lively week.</p> <p>* Hostesses are always seeking novel ways of entertaining young and old. Don't be too proud to pick up suggestions from people you meet. You can improve on them.</p> <p>* You may spend much time travelling back and forth because engagements, or appointments do not fit in. This may be awkward; you'll have to do the best you can.</p> <p>* The need to be practical is likely to be a brake on your social inclinations, but informal meetings with friends, or on shopping trips, could fill in pleasantly.</p> <p>* The social tempo is rising. You'll be asked out more frequently than for some time. You may join a crowd you have long wished to know.</p> <p>* You may make excuses, or decline invitations, because you feel too tired to enjoy them. This is a passing phase and a quieter few days will restore your energy.</p> <p>* Don't try to bring together friends that have little in common. Enjoy their company on different occasions, and you'll find the wheels turning smoothly.</p> <p>* An official function, or one sponsored by those in authority, is likely to be an important affair on your social horizon. Find out what will be correct dress.</p>
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Heavy gold bullion cornelli
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cornelli in wine,
royal, black
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stitch of iron-grey hair, the nickname sounded almost ludicrously inappropriate. When his wife asked her fluffy cocoon he was disclosed as ruddy and rather thickset; but he carried himself well, and the solidity of his build gave an impression of strength rather than overweight.

At the moment, his expression betrayed so much annoyance that it was not hard to guess he had a temper, and that he had never learned, perhaps never tried, to control it. But his forceful face was not unpleasant, and everything about him bespoke vitality and the general well-being engendered by success.

"There's nothing the matter with my watch, Cornelia," he said shortly, stressing the pompous name in such a way that the use of it in its entirety plainly indicated that he did not care to be addressed in public as Baldy. "I told you you weren't allowing enough time to dress, if you were going to put on all those gimcracks. And then, there's this infernal fog closing in. It took us twice as long to get here as that tall-hatted doorman told us it would."

He turned to Hilary. "How are you, Thorpe? Nice little place you've got here. Doesn't have that empty look so many people are going in for nowadays, either. You've collected quite a lot of knick-knacks in the course of your travels, haven't you? Old pictures, too. Not that I care for them, but, of course, for people who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like—as Lincolns, or maybe it was Barnum, used to say. Peruvian, are they?"

"No, sir, Mexican. May I present you to—"

"What's this I hear about the University of Vermont?" Castle interrupted. "Went to a State university myself, of course—Oklahoma. But I thought there was an unwritten law all career diplomats had to be Harvard men."

"I'm the exception that proves the rule. My father—"

"Oh, I've heard about him! Wanted you to get the practical training that would teach you to run his nurseries, eh? Or was it the tale mines? And then you fooled him by running off?"

"I'd be pleased to tell you about those conflicting family interests later, sir, if they really interest you. But meanwhile everyone here is so anxious—"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. —" Castle said, turning belatedly from his host to face his fellow guests. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Lady Laura Whitford," Thorpe prompted. "Her daughter Althea. His Excellency, the Ambassador from Aristan. The Marquis de Valcourt. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Racina—well, of course you know them already. The American Ambassador to Aristan and Mrs. Castle."

"That's quite a mouthful of titles, isn't it, Mr. Thorpe?" the new Ambassador inquired. "Pleased to meet you all, I'm sure. My husband continued to stare straight ahead of him, while mumbling a general acknowledgment of the introduction, but she immediately extended a jewelled hand."

Her expression of pleasure was quite sincere. This was the sort of society in which she had been hoping to move, and now she was having at least a glimpse of it, after that long dreary ocean voyage, and those dull provincial towns, before she was dragged off to some unpeppery place in the Middle East, where she foresaw nothing but dirt and discomfort.

"Hello, Judith. How are you, Joe?" she remarked, coming eventually to them in her gracious rounds. "I didn't know you were in on this party."

"Oh, we're not! That is, not actually—don't worry about it for a minute. It's just that

Continuing

The Royal Box

(from page 10)

Hilary, being an old friend and incurably kind-hearted, suggested that we might get hungry if we didn't have a sandwich or something before the evening was over. As it happens, we're going to 'Gold of Pleasure,' too. But we're sitting in the pit with the rest of the hoi polloi—not in the Royal Box with you."

"Shut up, Joe!" Hilary muttered under his breath. "And if you talk, say 'stalls' instead of 'pit,' will you?"

Mrs. Castle had glanced at the journalist suspiciously, as if vaguely conscious that he was ridiculing her; but the uneasy suspicion passed, leaving her mind untroubled. She was far too excited by the sound of the great names Hilary had pronounced to be concerned by the tone of a man named Joe Racina.

"You're the Lady Laura, aren't you?" she inquired of the fellow guest to whom she had first been presented. "I mean, the one whose photograph was in last week's 'Tattler.' I saw it in the hotel at Chester. There wasn't much of anything to do there, so while Baldy was in the chair I picked up a magazine that was lying on the table in the lounge, and there was a picture in it labelled, 'Latest Portrait Study of Lady Laura Whitford, Eldest Daughter of the Late Duke of Haverford and Widow of Sir Guy Whitford.'"

"Yes, I saw it, too," Hilary said quickly. "It was lovely, wasn't it? . . . And it's entirely due to Lady Laura's swift and efficient action that we're able to go to the theatre tonight."

And now, I think we ought to ask her to start pouring tea. Will you come with me to the dining-room, Lady Laura? We haven't too much time. The people who have such perverted tastes that they prefer strong drinks can help themselves, with a little assistance from Celestino."

Hilary nodded toward the Mexican, to indicate that he could leave the door now, at the same time waving a welcome hand in the direction of the butler's tray. "Just the same, I'm sure you'll have some immediate customers, Lady Laura."

"Myself among them, of course," Ahani said, following them quickly, and standing expectantly beside Lady Laura's chair, watching her as she poured boiling water from the purring tea-kettle and rinsed a small earthenware pot which had been placed inconspicuously in the midst of the gleaming silver.

UNEXPECTEDLY, Castle had followed them. "My wife calls me a sissy for wanting my tea every afternoon. But I've never forgotten how good it used to seem, coming in, after a hard day's work, to hear the samovar singing. And then, to draw up a chair close beside it and get a good hot cup of fresh-made tea."

He drew up a chair now, disregarding the fact that Ahani was still standing. "The custom's habit-forming. You know how it is, don't you, Lady Laura?"

He stressed the word "lady" as a few minutes earlier he had stressed the name "Cornelia." Ahani, who had not failed to observe the emphasis on both occasions, and had correctly interpreted the reason for it the first time, swiftly decided that Castle misprized titles to the same degree that his wife gloated over them.

"I know how it is," he said. "And the fact that you do, Mr. Ambassador, is another welcome sign of your familiarity with our small customs as well as our great ones—a familiarity that bodes well for better understanding between our two countries. But I believe Lady

Laura has never visited the Middle East."

"Perhaps not. Just the same, I'm sure she's almost as familiar with its customs, great and small, as I am. Aren't you, Lady Laura?"

"Hardly. I've heard a few references to them, from returning travellers and lecturers and diplomats, but that's all," she said, measuring tea leaves carefully into the earthenware pot she had rinsed.

"You never had any long letters about them, written on the scene, from someone who lived there?"

"No, never. And the Ambassador is right in believing I've never visited the Middle East myself, so I must confess that the subject of its customs isn't one that's ever concerned me closely, or, to be truthful, intrigued me very greatly. . . . I hope you will find this to your taste, Excellency."

As she spoke, Lady Laura again poured boiling water from the purring kettle, this time over the carefully measured tea-leaves in the crockery pot, and allowed them to steep for a matter of minutes. Then, with equal care, she had poured the brew from the crockery pot to the silver one, separating it from the leaves. The cup which she handed Ahani was filled with fragrant undiluted liquid.

"Perfect," he assured her, savouring it slowly. "It could not be better if you had learned to make it under the expert tutelage of someone thoroughly conversant with our ways."

"I insist that the must have," Castle said positively.

"No. We English pride ourselves on our tea-making, too, you know. And our host has provided me with every facility—some what to my surprise. I must confess, I had been led to believe that all Americans were addicts of tea-bags. . . . How do you take yours, Mr. Ambassador? Two slices of lemon, three lumps of sugar, a small portion of tea and the cup filled with cognac?"

"You're just pulling my leg. Of course, I take it exactly like Ahani here."

"Oh—I should have remembered those years Mr. Thorpe told me you have spent in his colleague's country instead of thinking of you as another unenlightened American. Do forgive me."

She put down the silver tongs which she already held poised over the sugar-bowl, and, filling another delicate Dresden cup with clear tea, handed it to Castle with a gracious smile. She was looking her loveliest, and she knew it; her dress of soft grey chiffon, made with floating panels, was extremely becoming and the chain of moonstones, which she wore with it, set it off to perfection.

The moonstones had escaped the sale of her more precious jewels because they did not have enough value to attract a cautious buyer; but they suited her far better than her costlier gems had ever done. In fact, they enhanced the general effect of quiet elegance which she always produced, and at the moment the gaudy trappings of Mrs. Castle suffered conspicuously in comparison.

The new Ambassador was now well into a second glass of bourbon, having tossed off the contents of one in record time; she had managed to corral Jacques de Valcourt, who was slowly sipping a light Dubonnet and soda, and her remarks to him, delivered in a high strident voice, were clearly audible in the dining-room.

"I was an actress myself before matrimony got in the way of my career," she was informing the Frenchman. "Oh, I don't mean my recent plunge with Baldy. I had two other

husbands before him. But I've always kept up my interest in the stage. I want to go to the theatre every night we're in London—and I mean to drag out our stay here just as long as I can, and then have another like it in Paris. Lord knows there won't be any plays, or much of anything else, in that godforsaken place we're headed for. And, of course, I wanted to see Janice Lester more than anyone. I want to find out what she's got I didn't have. The chorus was my limit; the top spots always went to somebody else's girl friend," she laughed, without mirth.

"I'll admit I never had much of a voice, but then she's not a singer either; and her figure's not a bit better than mine was. I've been putting on a little weight this last year, but I've found a wonderful new diet, and I'm planning to take off the extra poundage just as soon as we get to Kirlahan. Probably I won't have much trouble. I doubt if there's anything fit to eat there. . . . Well, as I was saying, I'm really tickled we're going to 'Gold of Pleasure' tonight. The title has me befuddled though. What do you make of it?"

De Valcourt's reply, being lower pitched than Mrs. Castle's question, was inaudible in the dining-room. Her husband, who, of course, realised that she had been overheard, and who looked visibly annoyed again, though not in the least embarrassed, repeated the query as he handed his cup to Lady Laura for a refill.

"Gold-of-pleasure is the name of quite an ordinary weed," she explained. "At least, it's considered quite an ordinary weed in Europe—I believe in the States it's been cultivated and raised to the rank of a herb—anyhow, that's what Jacques de Valcourt, who knows a great deal more about plant life than we do, told Althea. Be that as it may, gold-of-pleasure has a very pretty bright yellow flower. I believe the plot of the play centres on this flower, as personified by a very beautiful girl. Especially about its—shall we say elevation?—under advantageous circumstances."

She added easily, "Naturally, I don't know the details, as I haven't seen the play myself yet. But I understand that Janice Lester's excellent in the main part. . . . May I give you a second cup, too, Excellency? Oh—in just a minute perhaps! Apparently we are about to have an addition to our fare, which seemed to me very copious already."

While Lady Laura was defining gold-of-pleasure, the door leading from the pantry into the dining-room had opened slowly, and Hilary's olive-complexioned West Indian cook had majestically emerged. She was wearing a gaily striped sateen dress with the full skirt looped up on one side, a filmy lace fichu and apron, and a tignon which matched the brightest stripe in her dress, a rich crimson. Golden hoops hung from her ears and the fichu was fastened at her breast with an immense gold brooch.

Her general appearance was so striking that the covered dish she was carrying, almost tenderly, in both shapely hands, and even the proud expression on her oval face, escaped the astonished observation of the astonished guests.

Hilary, meanwhile, had taken advantage of Mrs. Castle's monopoly of De Valcourt to give Althea a chance of becoming better acquainted with Joe and Judith, and to enjoy her company himself, without interruption from his rival; now he excused himself and guided his astonishing domestic in an encouraging manner towards the tea-table.

"This is Lalisse," he said, smiling first at her and then at the others. "I told you about

her before the rest of the company came, Lady Laura, so I'll let you help me pass on the information. Lalisse likes to serve her specialties herself, and I like to have her. Celestino's a good boy, but I think you'll agree he doesn't add as much to the decor as she does. Offer your biscuits to Lady Laura first, Lalisse, and then to the others in the dining-room. Afterwards, take them into the living-room and pass them around. When you've done that twice, perhaps you'd better go back to the kitchen for a fresh supply."

Lalisse advanced, lifting the cover of the silver dish she was carrying. As Lady Laura accepted a biscuit and bit into it, exclaiming, "Delicious!" the cook's expression, which had become increasingly grave while Hilary was talking, lightened visibly again; when Castle, after the first taste, exclaimed, "Hold on a minute! I want two of those first go round!" it changed to one of actual joy.

Her eventual disappearance took on the attributes of a triumphant departure after a regal progress.

JOE exclaimed, "Look here, Hilary, unless I miss my guess, there's another story for me!" He was still chewing as he spoke.

"Judith can make fine biscuits—so can her mother. And in case you've forgotten, my father's a retired baker. I was raised in a place that smelled of good bread, and if there's any better smell I haven't sniffed it yet. But these products of Lalisse are something else again. What's her background? Where did she learn to cook? How does she manage to do any work, all dolled up like that? Yeah, I heard about Martinique, somewhere along the line, and me for the French West Indies on my next trip, if she's a sample of what they've got there. But meanwhile, I want to know a lot more."

"All right, stop talking nonsense about flying home next week and I'll see what I can do to help you out," Hilary responded cordially. "Perhaps you might ask De Valcourt about her, too—he knew her before I did, and he doesn't think quite as highly of her as I do. In fact, he's always urging me to get rid of her before I find she's been up to mischief. Not that I ever would, no matter what tall tales he tells about her past. You might like to hear his version though—it certainly would add drama to your story. But I'm afraid we can't go into all that now."

He was glancing at his wrist-watch. "In fact, we ought to be out of this place inside ten minutes, unless we're going to be late for the curtain. Not that I want to speed the parting guest."

"I get you. And I'll be back tomorrow to see Lalisse. Have I time for one cup of tea before we start? Of course, I've already had two Martinis, but I think tea makes a good chaser."

"Change places with me then. I've had two cups of tea and I think whisky would make a good chaser."

Castle put down his empty cup and moved away. Ahani, also putting down an empty cup, hurried after him.

"I'd like very much to have a few words with you—in private," he said in a low voice. "I've already mentioned the matter to Mr. Thorpe, and he told me, in an aside, that we were welcome to go up to his study. Suppose that, while the others are finishing their drinks—"

"I want a drink myself—I mean a real one. I need it. I haven't had anything except tea so far."

"But I understand that was your preference. I assure you this matter is urgent. If it weren't—"

"If it's urgent today, just think how much more urgent it will be tomorrow—that's what a French General I ran into during World War I used to say, and I think he had the right idea. Don't you agree with your distinguished compatriot, Colonel?"

De Valcourt, still in the clutches of Mrs. Castle, who had now embarked on her third drink, had not heard the first part of the new Ambassador's speech. Castle repeated it, obligingly, as he poured a stiff Scotch and helped himself to a caviare canape.

Any idea of a private discussion about despatches was futile, at least for the time being—Ahani saw that only too well. He was not amused by the jest that emanated from a distinguished compatriot of De Valcourt's; he could only hope that an entr'acte would afford him a better opportunity. Probably the sooner they could all reach the theatre and get settled in their respective places the better it would be.

"May I offer anyone a lift?" he inquired of Hilary, who had just reappeared after a brief absence. "I have my car and my chauffeur here, of course." He had observed that while Lady Laura was engrossed with Joe and Judith, who had asked for tea almost simultaneously, Hilary had followed Lalisse into the pantry. That was natural enough: with a household staff of only two, a host had to keep on the alert himself, in the matter of directions and supervision. What seemed less natural, or, at any rate, less fitting, was that Althea, after a glance at her preoccupied mother, had also disappeared. Now the girl was standing beside Hilary, her cheeks, which were always pink, rosy than ever, her hair, which was never noticeable for its tidiness, actually dishevelled.

It was not hard for Ahani to draw certain conclusions; and, in spite of their disparaging nature, he admitted to himself that the girl was extraordinarily pretty; in fact, that she was very close to being beautiful, and that when she had filled out a little and learned how to dress. . . . Meanwhile, since the curious customs of Occidentals saw nothing actually immoral about a swift, stolen embrace, probably Hilary should not be considered too blameworthy or, for that matter, Althea, either.

"It's very kind of you," Hilary said politely. His hair was slightly ruffled, too, and he put up his hand and smoothed it.

"I usually drive my car myself," he said, "but when I want him to do so for any reason, my houseboy Celestino doubles as chauffeur. I meant to have him do it tonight, so that I wouldn't be bothered with a parking problem. And I think perhaps I ought to take the Castles myself, as they're primarily my guests. I meant to take Lady Laura and Althea, too. But it seems Jack got ahead of me there. He slipped in his bid to Lady Laura while I was—er—out of earshot and she accepted it. After all, I can't blame her. I've got nothing to compare in elegance with his car, and we would have been a little crowded if both the Castles and the Whitfords had come with me—not that I'd have minded."

He looked down at Althea and again they exchanged glances, as Lady Laura had seen them do earlier in the evening; but this time there was ardor, as well as affection and understanding, in the look. "So, if you'd take the Racinas," he concluded. "You said something about wanting to talk to Joe."

"Yes, yes, of course. I shall

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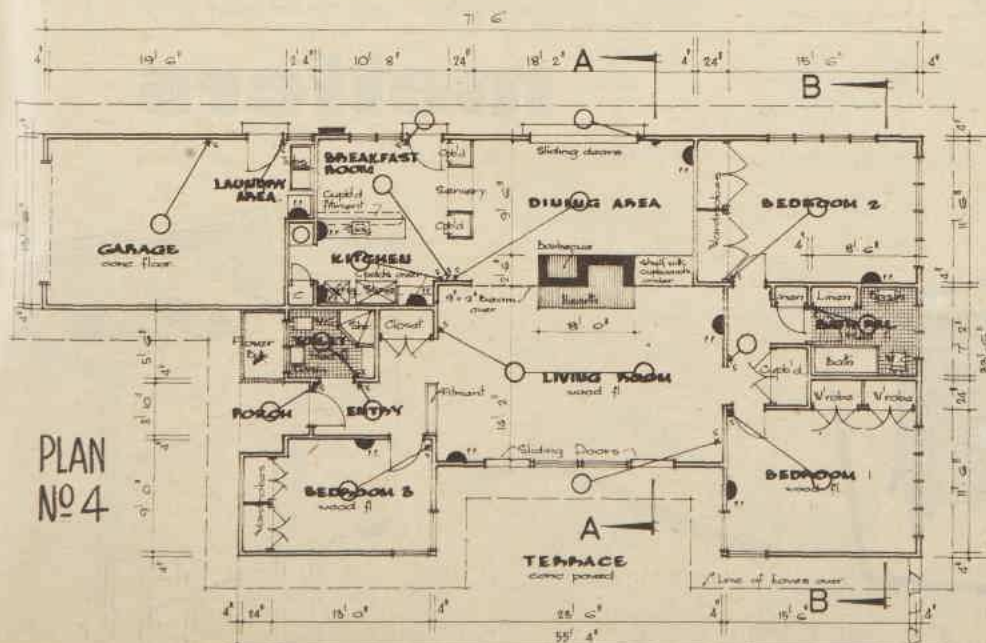
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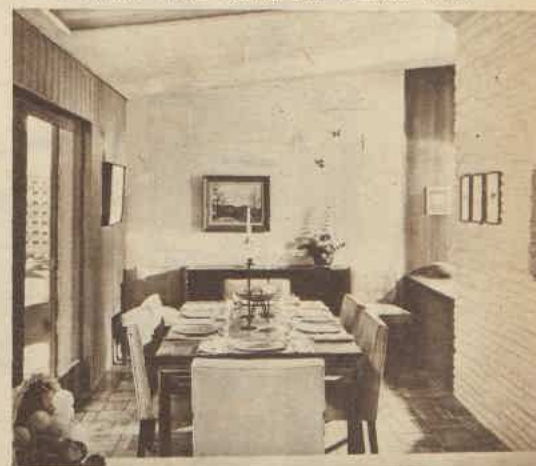
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THE KITCHEN. Planned to give the maximum in ventilation and light, the kitchen still screens meal preparation. A counter divides cooking and breakfast areas.



THE DINING-ROOM. Seen from behind the counter of the service hatch which connects it with the kitchen. The sliding glass doors open on to the adjoining terrace.

be delighted to take the Racinas. I will ask them immediately if such an arrangement would be agreeable to them."

Under his polite words, his thoughts were very different. It was Castle I really wanted to talk with. You know that, Thorpe. Then, with commendable justice, he added, "But of course, you're right. You are their host, you have to take them with you. And, in any case, what could I say to Castle in the presence of that unspeakable wife of his? She was had enough when she was sober. And now that she's two-thirds drunk, anything can happen. Who knows what a low-born woman like that may say or do when she's in her cups, and the few inhibitions and restraints she has managed to acquire are sloughed off?"

Meanwhile, it would be very agreeable to talk with Judith. He had not had a chance so far. And he remembered now he had thought, when the first came in, that she had great potentialities. He looked at her again—at the dress which was so modest, and at the same time so distinctive, at the lovely banded hair, at the earnest, intelligent face. He approached her with unfeigned pleasure.

"I understand from our host that you and your husband will come in my car to the theatre," he said. "I shall be delighted."

"So shall we," Judith answered. And Ahani saw that her face, like her husband's, was transfigured by a smile.

When her master and all his guests had gone, Lalise came in from the kitchen and gathered up the dishes. She had taken off her beautiful striped dress and put on a nondescript

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grey garment, but she still wore her bright tignon and her beaded earrings.

While she was tidying up she dripped some coffee, and after everything was in order she helped herself to brandy and made a brulot, too, setting fire to the liquor after she had mixed it in a spoon with sugar. She did not eat anything, but she sat for a long time, drinking her brulot and singing to herself about the green hills of Martinique and the blue waters around the island. As she sang, she seemed to see them again, and she felt thankful that she did not have to go out in the London fog, like Celestino.

By and by she cradled her head in her arms, putting them down on the kitchen table and went to sleep, feeling sure that the lover she had lost through her own act would come back to her in her dreams.

The distance between Devonshire Mews and the Terry Theatre was not sufficiently great to permit prolonged conversation on any subject. However, each of the groups which left Hilary's house, more or less simultaneously, created an opportunity for the discussion of those matters which most interested them at the moment.

"You did mighty well to get a crowd like that together, on such short notice, Thorpe," Castle told him. "This Ahani—you know him fairly well, do you?"

"Yes, fairly well. Not nearly as well as I know Jacques de Valcourt, but still—"

"But still you'd say he was probably on the level, wouldn't you?" inquired Castle, who habitually interrupted. This was partly because his alert mind usually kept him one jump ahead of anyone with whom he was talking; and

partly because, though unconscious of his rudeness, he would have been indifferent to it in any case.

"Ahani seems anxious to have a private talk with me," he continued, before Hilary could answer, "and I don't know of any reason why we should have one in such a rush, if at all. I can't help wondering whether he's got something up his sleeve."

"Of course, I wouldn't know, for sure," Hilary answered cautiously. "I really haven't any reason to suppose he wasn't telling the complete truth when he laid his haste to some despatches that came in just this morning. Still, I think Kipling was right."

"What about?" inquired Mrs. Castle, pushing her fluffy fur collar away from her mouth in order to speak audibly.

"Why, when he said that East was East and West was West and that the twain would never meet," Hilary said, his voice betraying no more surprise at her question than at her husband's. "Orientals and Occidentals just don't speak the same language."

"Well, of course, I know that. Whoever would expect a good American to talk any of those outlandish dialects they have over in Asia?"

"Cornelia, that's not what Thorpe meant. And look here! I thought you didn't drink, and I just saw you gulp down one bourbon after another. What's the idea? If you suddenly start going in for that sort of thing, one of these days you'll come out of a fog wondering whether what you vaguely recall doing after four highballs was or was not a murder . . . And speaking of fogs, we're sure groping our way through one now . . ."

His attention went back to

Hilary. "Well, as for Ahani, it's your idea, isn't it, that for the present at least I'd better accept him at par? Right. I'll give him a chance to spit out whatever he's got on his chest besides ribbons and decorations. That brings us to the Frenchman. He also seems to have a chestful of ribbons, but I expect they mean a lot more than Ahani's. Can you brief me on where he's been and what he's done there?"

"He served in LeClerc's armored division—I think all the way from Lake Chad to Tripoli. After that he didn't even wait to be sent to England and join the continental invasion from there. He parachuted into France, helped to organise the FFI, and did more than any other one man I know of to demoralise the Nazis. He's not just a daredevil, either; he's smart, too. Gets the credit for working out the use of coated cyanide."

"Coated?"

"Yes. I forget the exact name for it. There is one though. In Holland, the girls had a little routine of carrying a tiny cyanide crystal under a fingernail, and releasing it in Nazi officers' drinks. Trouble was, cyanide acts so quickly it was always simple to identify the girl who had done it, and then, of course, she got hers. Well, De Valcourt had learned from a maternal uncle of his, who's a doctor, about a coating that's sometimes put around aspirin tablets. You know, there are some people who can't take it in its usual form and—"

"That's me," Cornelia interrupted, unsmilingly herself as before. "The headaches I get, you wouldn't believe, and Baldy says that—"

"If you start seeping up bourbon by the quart, you'll have more headaches than ever. Keep quiet, can't you? I want to hear what Thorpe's trying to tell me. It might be important."

Only too glad to be able to interrupt the embarrassing exchange between husband and wife, Hilary went on hastily, "It seems some persons get a bad reaction from aspirin, so medics or druggists or somebody developed a coating that's very slow to dissolve. De Valcourt managed to get cyanide crystals painted like that, and when one of these Dutch girls I mentioned slipped it into some Nazi's food or drink, he didn't feel any discomfort. Then about four hours later, bingo! He keeled over dead before he knew what had hit him. And by that time the girl would have disappeared completely."

"Smart trick, all right! Chief Cloudy Day, one of our Ponca braves back home, would find only one fault with the system. The guy'd die without suffering."

"Well, I don't know that De Valcourt especially wanted him to suffer. He's not essentially cruel. He just wanted to get rid of as many Nazis as possible—and he got rid of plenty. And was decorated for it. That's what some of those ribbons you saw are. Since then, he's picked up one or two more in Indo-China, where he's been most of the time. He got a bad head wound in some guerrilla fighting, but he's made a fine recovery—you can see that he's the picture of health now. However, he had it pretty rough for quite a while, and did well all along the line. I take it he was sent to London partly by way of respite and partly by way of reward."

He went on quickly, fearing that Cornelia was about to interrupt again, "The post of military attache can be pretty pleasant here—at least, in

peacetime—under almost any circumstances; and Jack's so popular that he's in on practically everything that's going on. Besides, he has plenty of leisure for his gardening, which is what he really loves. He's done wonders with the fine old place in Chiswick that he's taken on a long lease—the garden, like most English gardens, had gone to rack and ruin during the war and he's restored it and developed it. As a matter of fact, that was our first common bond of interest. You see—"

"Oh, yes, the elder Thorpe's nurseries. You did take an interest in them then? I gathered you didn't, or you wouldn't have left them."

"It was because I was interested in them that I left them in the beginning. Dad wanted me to experiment with trees and shrubs that aren't indigenous with us, so that he could find out whether they'd thrive and become commercially profitable in our climate. He sent me scouting about from place to place, and I got to like living abroad. So then I entered the Foreign Service School at Georgetown, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know how one thing can lead to another, that way. . . . De Valcourt's sweet on the Whitford girl, isn't he?"

"That dowdy little thing!" Mrs. Castle protested, again emerging from her furs, despite her husband's admonition. "Baldy, you're crazy! He hardly went near her all the time we were at the party!"

"Because you didn't give him the chance. You latched on to him the minute we got there and it would have taken a crowbar to pry you loose. That girl's not bad looking at all. At least, I don't think so. What about you, Thorpe?"

"I think she's very beautiful."

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Hilary said; and this time, instead of speaking cautiously, he spoke coldly.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, you may be at that—one of these days. Her mother certainly is—still. I mean, she must be forthright, at least, to have a daughter that old, and still she's a knockout, in her way. Not that I'd call her showy. . . . You know the Whitfords pretty well, too, don't you?"

"Yes, pretty well. I met them at the first Garden Party I went to after I came here, and that was over two years ago. . . . Why, here we are at the Terry. I'll get out first, if you'll excuse me. . . . Be back at ten, Celestino. We're going on to the Savoy and I'll need you to take us there. . . ."

"I hope you're comfortable, Lady Laura—you, too, Althea." "Very comfortable, thank you." Lady Laura leaned back in the luxurious rear seat of Jacques de Valcourt's car and gave a sigh of mingled satisfaction and relief. This was the sort of company she really craved. "Even if I weren't, I should be thankful for my escape. Those dreadful people! If I had dreamed—"

Jacques de Valcourt did not have Baldwin Castle's habit of interruption; therefore, though Lady Laura felt her sentence unfinished, this was because she was permitted to give it greater dramatic effect. Jacques understood her perfectly: if she had dreamed that the Castles, especially Mrs. Castle, could be so thoroughly offensive, she would not have consented to spend an evening in their company, much less would she have exerted herself to secure the Royal Box as the vantage point for their entertainment. Jacques strove to speak soothingly.

"I believe that the new Ambassador is really a very able man—rather a rough diamond, perhaps, but American presidents seem to have a way of choosing gems in that category for their representatives; and sometimes these do surprisingly well in foreign posts. As to the Ambassador—well, she may be overstimulated by her new experiences. It is obvious that they are new to her. And probably she did not realise that, owing to the early openings, ladies do not as a rule attend the theatre in London quite so elaborately dressed."

"She is certainly overstimulated. But I do not believe this is entirely due to her new experiences, as you so charitably express it. I believe the amount of whisky she consumed also has something to do with this. As to her indecent frock and her ostentatious display of jewellery, I do not believe they can be excused on the ground of unfamiliarity with our customs. I believe they are an indication of inborn vulgarity."

"And to think," she added, "that she is going to a country where the consumption of alcohol, in any form, is contrary to the religious beliefs of its people, and where the veil has so recently been discarded! Even if her husband is as able as you seem to think, she will certainly ruin his career."

Slightly to his surprise, De Valcourt thought he detected satisfaction, rather than regret, in Lady Laura's final statement. He decided that it would probably be wiser not to pursue that phase of the subject.

"Perhaps you heard me inviting them to Chiswick to-morrow," he said. "I had hoped you and Althea would come, also, Lady Laura—in fact, while you were occupied at the tea-table, Althea told me she would be glad to."

"Hilary's going, too," Althea interposed quickly.

"Yes, Hilary is going too," De Valcourt corroborated, a trifle dryly. "Is the company of the Castles so distasteful to you,

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Lady Laura, that you would prefer not to come at the same time? I would suggest another day—in fact, I shall, an additional one! But the chrysanthemums are so beautiful just now that I do want you to see them in all their glory!"

"Oh, Mother, please!"

"Well—," Lady Laura said hesitantly. "Of course, Althea should not have accepted without consulting me. But since she has— . . . If it would be convenient for you to send for us. Our car is out of commission just now and—"

This time Jacques did interrupt. "Send for you! Of course I shall come for you! And on our way to Chiswick we will talk about that little trip to France I want to have you make. My mother always remains in the country until after Toussaint and she is eager to welcome you at Chateau Vaujours. The chrysanthemums there are even much finer than they are at Chiswick—that is, the gardens are, of course, much more extensive. My mother will be writing you herself in the very near future. And I find I can get off for a long week-end, almost any time now."

Again Lady Laura sighed softly, and this time there was no possibility of mistaking the sound for any except one of satisfaction. If the Marquis de Valcourt was actually on the point of inviting Lady Laura Whitford and her daughter to pay a visit at Chateau Vaujours this could mean only one thing: that Jacques de Valcourt was about to ask for Althea's hand in marriage, after the most approved French fashion.

She would then become the Marquise de Valcourt; not only exalted rank but immense wealth would be assured her and her mother would share in the benefits and pleasures of them. After years of penny-pinching and pretence, of humiliation and hurts, she would be lapped in luxury, treated with deference, able to condescend or to avenge as best suited her mood and her purpose. With all this in view, she could well afford to tolerate the Castles on one more occasion at least.

Of course, there was still the troublesome question of expense—even reduced to its minimum, the cost of that trip to France would be something. And then there would be the inevitable tips to the servants at the chateau, of whom there were doubtless a great many. But she would manage somehow. In spite of what she had told Althea, only a few hours earlier, there must be something else they could do without.

"If your mother is so kind as to invite us, we shall be very pleased to visit her at Chateau Vaujours," she told Jacques graciously.

"Provided Hilary can get away the same week-end as Jacques and make the trip with us," Althea said suddenly and stubbornly. And, as Lady Laura started to reply, she realised with dismay that the car had stopped in front of the Terry Theatre, and that Raoul, Jacques de Valcourt's chauffeur, was opening the door for them.

Ahani, like Castle, was bent

on securing information. He had a good deal already, but he wanted more.

"In the course of preparing these articles you are writing, Mr. Racina," he said, as soon as he and Joe and Judith were settled in the car, "you must have learned a great deal about the new American Ambassador to our country."

"Well, yes. Of course I had to, or I couldn't write the articles. After all, I was supposed to come up with more than you'd find in 'Who's Who.'"

Ahani leaned forward. "Naturally," he said. "That is what I meant. I can look up where he was born, when he graduated from the University of Oklahoma, and when he secured the first foreign oil concession from Aristan. In fact, of course I've already done so. But certain other—"

"Please forgive me for interrupting," Judith said suddenly, "but I've never been to London before and I'm wondering whether this wretched fog keeps me from hearing as well as from seeing. Am I just imagining that it seems to muffle all sound?"

"Anything special you're yearning to hear?" Joe inquired. His tone was one of railway. But the glance he cast in his wife's direction was one of mingled love and pride. With her usual swift intuition, she had guessed that he did not want to discuss Castle with Ahani and was purposely creating a diversion.

JUDITH said eagerly, "I want to hear Bow Bella. I've read that you're not a Cockney unless you were born within sound of Bow Bella."

"I deeply regret so charming a visitor must be disappointed, for the moment," Ahani said suavely. "Bow Church is in the old City, where hardly anybody lives now; people only come there to work. We are now in the West End, the fashionable quarter of London, and St. Mary-le-Bow, the City Church which was the home of Bow Bella, was destroyed during an air raid. Otherwise, if Madame had been interested, I should have been delighted to put my car at her disposal any day, with instruction to the chauffeur that he should drive up and down the City streets where she could see and hear to her heart's content."

"That's very kind of you. But in any case our plans depend on what the Castles decide to do. I believe Mrs. Castle wants to stay on here for a week or so and then go to Paris. But Mr. Castle wants to be on his way to Aristan as soon as possible."

"We are no less eager to welcome him there," Ahani assured her.

"Doesn't that depend on just whom you mean by 'we'?" Joe asked casually.

"I beg pardon?" The rising inflection of Ahani's voice did nothing to modify the abrupt sharpening of its timbre.

"I'm not much good at double talk, Excellency," Joe said, speaking more emphatically. "I've always got my dope

by telling who I was and what I wanted, not by disguising myself as a bellhop, or something. I mean everyone knows a three-way disagreement's taking shape in Aristan. At one corner of that triangle's the Ameristan Oil Company. At another, Sultan Izzet ibn Hamis. At the third, the Premier. Are all of them equally eager to welcome Baldwin Castle as U.S. Ambassador?"

"Now really, Mr. Racina," Ahani said, still suavely. "I know something of the privileged position journalists occupy in your country. But even so, you would hardly ask that sort of a question of one of your own officials. I mean not with the serious hope of being answered."

"You'd be surprised. But never mind the answer. Shall I go on?"

"As you wish." "What can I lose? Young Baldwin Castle, newly graduated from Oklahoma U in petroleum engineering, was scheduled to be one of the American technicians the Bolos imported into Holy Russia by droves in the middle twenties: business administrators, agricultural experts, factory managers, petroleum wizards, electronics engineers. The idea was that they were to teach the newly liberated proletariat the difference between a tractor and an abscessed tooth. But he got only as far as London, when a wire from Perispher Petroleum, back in Tulsa, switched his route to read, 'Destination Aristan.' You can check me any time you wish, sir."

"I have no comment at this point, Mr. Racina," Ahani murmured politely.

"I'll go right ahead, then. In Aristan, Sultan Suleiman ibn Hamis, father of the present ruler, is shaky on his throne, but very, on account of no money in the kitty despite heavy taxes. After all, what's a sultan or a sheik or a shah? He's a boss. And a boss with no fleshpots to set before the faithful isn't long for this world, whether he's in Hackensack, Argentina, or Aristan."

"Did Mr. Castle tell you all this himself?"

"Enough so I could fill in the gaps without trouble. I already knew something about the Red Line Compact; after all, I live in Louisiana, which is a major oil centre. A big global syndicate, controlled pretty much by British members, once drew a red line about a map of the Middle East; they had agreed coolly among themselves that within that line they wouldn't bid against one another. So Suleiman ibn Hamis, left to dangle, was about as sure of his immediate future as a tipsy tight-rope walker with hiccupps."

"All of a sudden, an upstart nobody named Castle grabs the concession by handing ibn Hamis enough folding money, so that all Suleiman's chillun will be sitting pretty from then on, especially after they find a young ocean of oil before the sands of the desert grow cold."

"Interesting. Most interesting."

"One moment more, Excellency. The syndicate wasn't the

only outfit whose nose was put out of joint when brash young Castle took ibn Hamis off the hook. Some Nationalists, as they called themselves, though they were really as red as three gallons of borsch, had counted on moving into the vacuum Hamis' fall would create. Those babies haven't forgotten who cooked up that mess of crow they had to eat. I don't know whose side Castle will be on; but whichever of your three push-pulls wins, it's up to Castle to see the U.S. doesn't lose. . . . He broke off abruptly.

"How come we've stopped? Oh, we're at the Terry. Sorry I monopolised the rostrum. You should have shushed me, Ju. Aren't you supposed to provide terminal facilities for my ramblings?"

Though all three cars took approximately the same route, Celestino was the first to deliver his passengers at the Terry Theatre. He had begun his driving in Mexico City, and, in consequence, had never entirely suppressed his instinct for dashing headlong through the densest traffic.

Having dismissed the chauffeur, Hilary said that perhaps it would simplify matters if he went ahead and guided the Castles through the crowded vestibule, whose walls were covered with striking pictures of Janice Lester taken during the most compelling scenes in "Gold of Pleasure." Then he led them toward a long flight of steps which skirted the stalls.

At this point, an attendant came forward, respectfully asked to see their tickets and then, still more respectfully, preceded them onward.

"Where on earth are we going? Down a shaft?" Mrs. Castle inquired. The edge of her pleased excitement had worn off in the course of the drive, and she was not happily impressed with the steep, narrow and dimly lighted stairway which they were now descending. In fact, she was a little frightened by it, for it was not only utterly unlike anything she had pictured as the approach to a Royal Box, but unlike anything she had seen in an American theatre.

No one had thought of warning her about the difference in construction between these and their English counterparts; so she had expected to go up and not down. Once she stumbled a little and swore under her breath as she clutched for support. But when the attendant threw open a door and then stood back, bobbing her head, Cornelia Castle stopped on the threshold with an exclamation of enchanted amazement.

The door led into the Royal Retiring Room, a circular apartment quite as large as Hilary's living-room, if not actually larger, furnished in a manner which had represented the height of elegance, when the theatre was built, and which still embodied this, in Mrs. Castle's fascinated gaze. The walls were covered with crimson brocade, and from the high ceiling was suspended a many-branched crystal chandelier. Ponderous chairs, framed in carved and gilded wood and upholstered in crimson velvet, were grouped around a marble-topped centre table. A marble mantel, which surmounted the glowing grate, was, in turn, surmounted by a heavy, gilt-framed mirror.

On one side of this fireplace was a closed door; on the other, one had been left discreetly ajar to reveal a basin with large glittering faucets, which was set in a huge slab of chocolate-colored marble. Beyond and above this basin loomed the unmistakable outlines of a large overhead tank and a pull chain.

Opposite the entrance where they had paused was another doorway, draped to match the upholstery of the velvet chairs and leading, by means of a short flight of crimson-covered

steps, down to a large semi-circular box. This was likewise brocade lined, and in it six chairs, similar in design to those in the Royal Retiring Room, were placed three abreast.

"Programmes, sir? Sixpence each," the attendant said to Hilary. "And could you tell me now whether you'll be wanting coffee in the first or second interval?"

Hilary accepted the programmes, adding largesse to their cost, and said he would have to let her know later about the coffee. The attendant, greatly pleased with her tip, made another suggestion.

"May I take Madam's coat?" she inquired deferentially. Cornelia Castle turned on her.

"When I want to get rid of this coat, I'll say so," she snapped. "I suppose you want money for taking that, too. Paying for programmes! I never heard of such a thing. Besides, it's probably warm enough by the fire, but I bet out there in the box it's as cold as it is almost everywhere else in England."

"Just the same—" she added, "it sort of adds to the Victorian atmosphere, doesn't it? And all this gilt and marble and velvet are certainly the cat's whiskers. Look at the amount of space we have, too! We could give a party right here."

"The attendants pass coffee and ices between every act," Hilary told her.

"I'm not interested in coffee and ices! I mean lobster salad and caviare sandwiches—that sort of thing. And champagne, lots and lots of champagne! I was sick as a pup aboard ship until the stewardess recommended that and it fixed me up in a jiffy. Now I've decided it's pretty good for whatever ails you."

She broke off, laughing at her own feeble witticism. Then she went on. "Look, Baldy, you were dead set against my sending a note to Janice Lester and asking her if we couldn't go backstage. I bet she'd have said yes just like that. But now I've got a better idea. Let's ask her to come here—her and her manager and her leading man, and anyone else she'd like to bring along."

"Listen, Cornelia, we've just had one big feed, and we're going to have another after the theatre. That's enough. Besides, maybe you've forgotten, but this is Thorpe's party, not ours."

"Of course, I want to do everything I can to add to Mrs. Castle's pleasure," Hilary said hastily. "I'm sure if I send out right away, I could get the champagne. I'm not so sure about the lobster salad, but I can always try."

"All right, you try. And while you're doing that, I'll dash off a few lines to the fair Janice."

"Cornelia, I've told you before and I'm telling you again that I don't give a boot about seeing Janice Lester. I didn't even care much about seeing her on the stage, though I was willing to humor you about that. But when it comes to dragging her in here—"

His wife paid no attention to him. She had already seated herself at the marble-topped table, and was scribbling on a small pad which she had extracted from her jewelled evening bag. At that moment the attendant again opened the door of the Royal Retiring Room to admit Lady Laura, Althea, and Jacques de Valcourt. Cornelia ripped off the sheet of paper and handed it to her.

"Here," she said, "you take this backstage, and give it to Janice Lester—put it right into her hand, you understand. When you come back and tell me you've done it, I'll give you a tip myself, after all—a pound. And I'll have another note ready for you then, too. I want you to take it to that small box just back of this one, where

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that dark-complexioned man with all the medals on is just sitting down. See?"

She began to scribble again and, when she looked up, Lady Laura and Althea were already seated in the front of the box, and De Valcourt was sitting in the centre chair of the rear row, leaning forward and talking to them. Hilary had stepped out, presumably to order champagne and lobster salad, but Castle was still standing close to his wife and still arguing furiously. She continued to disregard his protests as she tore a second sheet from the pad and replaced it in her evening bag.

When the attendant returned Cornelia had already wrapped the second message she had written in a pound note; but she unfolded the slip of paper which had been brought to her before she handed over the one she had prepared.

"Listen to this!" she read aloud, at last looking up at her husband.

"Dear Mrs. Castle:
"How very kind of you to invite us to have champagne with you in the Royal Retiring Room. We shall be delighted to come during the first entr'acte, which is the longer of the two; and since you are good enough to make your invitation so inclusive, by 'we' I mean my husband Hugo, who is also my manager, and my cousin Evan Neville, who is our jeune premier.

"As you will see for yourself in a few minutes, the male lead in the play calls for a very young man, and I think you'll agree that Evan plays the part to perfection. But I mustn't say more than that, for I don't want to give the plot away—I do so hope no one else has done that already.

"A bientot, dear Mrs. Castle.
"Cordially yours,
"Janice Lester,

"P.S.: En attendant, give Win my love."

Cornelia Castle pronounced the French word hesitantly, angling them almost past recognition. But though there was bewilderment, there was no hesitancy in her voice when she read the final part of the postscript. She looked up from the slip of paper and met her husband's angry eyes with a look that was angrier still.

"Give Win my love!" she repeated. "So you were Win to Janice Lester, were you, before you were Baldy to me? Well, I might have known there was some reason why you were fighting shy of her!"

"Did Madam wish me to deliver another note?" the attendant inquired from the doorway.

"There goes the curtain," said Hilary, coming hurriedly back into the room.

The adjective most frequently used to describe the effect of Janice Lester's acting was "magical" and none could have been more apt. This magic began its spell as soon as she appeared on the stage, and before the end of the first act her enchanted audience was oblivious of everything else.

Judith stopped worrying about the effect which the chilly blasts sweeping over Farman Hill might have on young children not yet acclimatised to October in New England. Joe stopped wondering how he was to present Baldwin Castle truthfully and at the same time tactfully to the readers of "This Month"—not that he was unduly concerned about Castle's personal feelings; but he knew that the international situation was already precarious and he shrank from putting it still farther out of balance through an injudicious choice of words.

Ahani had also been troubled by the possibility of this augmented unbalance, not only through Joe Racina's potential approach to an immense number of readers, but also on account of the despatches just received and the way in which Castle

might conceivably react to them. Then there was Castle's wife, who would certainly complicate the situation still further. Ahani had come to the theatre a harassed and angry man and had taken no notice of his own wife Zeina, who arrived shortly after he did and sat silent and shadowy in the rear of their small box, with her mother, still more wrapped in obscurity, beside her.

But when the curtain fell, and Zeina leaned forward to whisper in his ear, the abstraction with which he answered her was caused neither by his normal condescending indifference to her nor by his recent abnormal upheaval from calm, but by the difficulty he experienced in returning to reality from the realms to which Janice had transported him.

The spectators in the Royal Box were no less bedazzled and beguiled. Hilary, sitting directly behind Althea, had managed to capture her hand in his and to hold it throughout the act; how much of their mutual rapture was caused by this hand-clasp, and by the sense of reassurance it gave their own romance, and how much by the enactment of ripening romance on the stage, they neither knew nor cared; but they were aware that except for the benignant darkness of the theatre, no such prolonged caress would have been possible, and their mood became more and more ecstatic as it continued.

Lady Laura and Jacques de Valcourt both found themselves reliving past pleasures of the world, the flesh and the devil, with emphasis on the world as far as the former was concerned, and on the flesh and the devil when it came to the latter. Lady Laura was no longer the bitter, impoverished, middle-aged woman, striving to make both ends meet in the basement flat of the once proud house which had been all her own; she was the debutante curtsying to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, the lace veiled bride at St. George's, Hanover Square, the young wife traveling with her husband to exotic lands where he added to his magnificent collection of butterflies; the serene chatelaine of Helston Abbey, where tea was served on the terrace by footmen in livery and white swans glided over the glassy surface of the lake beyond.

Jacques de Valcourt was no longer the elegant dilettante, dabbling in horticulture because there was no war to test his valor, and courting a virtuous, rosy-cheeked English girl, because there was no dark-eyed Provencale to rush with joyous abandon into his arms; he was once more the daredevil who stole by night into a certain house on the Cannebiere, to alert the FFI for the landing of the airborne invasion from the south, and having delivered the message, to go dancing with his mistress under the very noses of the Nazis.

Even the Castles, who had been seething with rage when they took their seats, had gradually become calmer, had next regained a measure of good humor, and eventually had begun to find enjoyment in spite of themselves.

Baldy might have told me he knew Janice Lester already, Cornelia reflected; after all, I told him everything of that sort—or nearly everything. But then, I never supposed Minnie Brown, that sickly first wife of his, was the only other female in his life. I was always pretty sure Minnie got him on the rebound, but it didn't matter anyway. Come to think of it, Janice Lester doesn't matter either. She was just the Other Woman—and I'm an ambassador's wife, and now I've got sables and diamonds, and a big

life insurance policy made out in my favor. So that, whatever might happen to Baldy, I could go right on having sables and diamonds, or anything else I wanted to have.

I could do anything I wanted, too—the policy isn't tied up with a lot of red tape. Not that I really want Baldy to pass out of the picture—at least, I don't when I'm sober. And I'm sober now—practically sober. And having a fine time. This show we're seeing right now, for instance—I never would have got to it if it hadn't been for the kind of people Baldy knows, like Lady Laura and Hilary Thorpe. And Janice Lester is certainly a knockout in it. There isn't anyone on the stage who can touch her.

Of course, she makes the show. "Gold of Pleasure" isn't much of a play if you pick it to pieces: all about a girl who lives on the wrong side of the tracks, and a man a lot older, a rich, highbrow widower, who lives on the right side of them, and who takes a liking to her and marries her. It's easy enough to see what is going to happen next. She and his playboy son are going to fall for each other and then there will be some fun. Not that I blame this girl in the play. Why, if Baldy had a handsome son like that—but of course he didn't. Women like Minnie Brown never have any children, no matter what sort of men they marry.

I wish I could have hung on to my own kid, he sure was cute. But I guess he was better off on the farm with his old man, at first. And now it's too late to get him away—at least I suppose it is.

As Baldwin Castle's rage subsided, his reflections became equally satisfactory:

Of course Cornelia had made a fool of herself, and he would question her, the next morning, about this sudden yen for liquor and tell her she would have to lay off quick or else. But aside from that, things couldn't have been going better. Those pieces of Joe Racina's would put a stop to a lot of loose talk from people who didn't know enough to keep their big mouths shut. As to Ahani, he was a slick customer all right; but Castle was used to dealing with slick customers, in Aristan and everywhere else. And now that Ahani was all hot and bothered about these dopy despatches, it would be like taking candy from a baby to manage him.

Thorpe and De Valcourt both had a lot of class; so did the girl, Althea, and by heck, so did her mother! And he couldn't for the life of him understand now, why he'd thought it would be just as well not to meet Janice again or why he hadn't even wanted to see her from a distance. "Magical"—he'd made fun of the word, after enough, saying it was in the same class with "glamorous" except that it wasn't quite so overworked. But at that, it had been the right word to describe her, twenty years before, and it still was.

The bronze-colored hair of hers, which she had had the sense not to dye or cut—though of course someone must have told her she ought to be a blonde in "Gold of Pleasure," even if she had held out against it until then—showed she still had her wits about her; her yellow dress was twice as effective because her hair wasn't yellow, too. She could wear any color with that hair and that figure and that skin. He didn't believe she'd put on an extra ounce, either.

And then her voice—well, that was golden all right, if Bernhardt's and Duse's had been, like people who'd heard them said they were. It was golden and it was magical, too. Why, she could still give any

woman cards and spades. Any woman in the world.

Curtain call followed curtain call. Again and again, Janice Lester responded to the crashing applause. The first few times she appeared between Claude Lucas, who played her middle-aged benefactor, and Evan Neville, who played his son; she smiled and bowed to each as if acknowledging her indebtedness to their support, before she faced the audience; then she inclined her lovely head so deferentially that it seemed as if she were giving thanks for a tribute which she neither expected nor deserved.

But at last she came out alone and stood, no longer bowed but proudly erect, no longer smiling but beautifully grave. The golden curtains parted in the middle once more to reveal her as she continued to stand in statuesque immobility. Confused shouts of "Bravo!" mingled with the applause, now louder than ever. Then the curtains swept across from each side before her and were not drawn back again.

Hilary gave Althea's hand a final pressure and hurried up the short flight of steps from the box to the Retiring Room. The attendant was just opening the door to the upper stairway, in order to admit a maitre d'hotel and two waiters, bearing linen, silverware and the champagne and lobster which Cornelia had demanded.

WHILE Hilary was giving swift directions for arranging the table, the door opened again and Ahani appeared on the threshold.

"I understand this is to be quite a long entr'acte," he said. "So I thought it might give me the opportunity I did not have at your house to speak quietly with Mr. Castle for a few minutes. No, no, that was not your fault. You very kindly offered me the use of your study, but Mr. Castle obviously preferred to remain at the table. And then, just as the curtain was going up, I received a note from Mrs. Castle, asking me to bring the ladies of my party here to meet Janice Lester, who is, I must say, a very great actress."

"I hope you'll do so," Hilary answered cordially. "Of course I know that Madame Ahani doesn't usually accompany you to social functions, but this is to be such a small, private gathering—"

"No other guests? The note was obviously written in haste; it didn't say."

"Only the Racinas. And here they are now. Here's everyone."

"Everyone except Janice Lester and her side-kicks," Cornelia amended. But her statement was more or less lost in the general chatter about the play.

Ahani slipped out and returned with his wife and her mother, who remained in the background, unobserved, until Judith went over and spoke to them; then they shook their heads and cast down their eyes. After a moment or two she realised that their abashment was only partly due to their proscribed custom of withdrawal; it was also partly due to their inability to understand English. Her French was not fluent, but she knew enough to attempt it; the two ladies from Aristan brightened visibly under her halting but kindly efforts to converse with them and they finally consented to come nearer the others, while still keeping close to her side.

Cornelia had briefly acknowledged their presence, when this was called to her attention,

and told them to sit down, if they wanted to. But she had not tried to talk with them or with anyone else at length; all her attention had been focused on the door opening to the stairway which led backstage.

Suddenly, the door leading to the lower stairway was thrown open and Janice Lester entered the Royal Retiring Room. She had changed from the simple dress of yellow crepe which she had worn in the first act to a gorgeous gold lame, with topazes alternated with the diamonds which encircled her neck and wrists. The two men in formal evening clothes who followed her were as completely overshadowed as the women who accompanied Ahani.

"I'm so sorry to have kept everyone waiting!" she exclaimed apologetically. "But I thought if I changed first, then we wouldn't have such a sense of haste when I did get here. This is Mrs. Castle, isn't it? I can't tell you how much I appreciate your invitation. And Win! How are you? Why, you've hardly changed at all! But I'm afraid introductions are in order, to the rest—except to Joe, of course. Joe darling, I am so glad to see you!"

Quite unaffectedly, she flung her arms around him, hugging and kissing him heartily. There was nothing studied or theatrical about the embrace. She turned to Mrs. Castle, her face radiant.

"Do let me sit beside Joe, so we can talk about old times, won't you?" she asked. "You haven't any idea how good he was to me, in the days when he was a spear bearer and I was a happy villager."

"Well, of course, if you want Joe on one side of you, that's all right by me. But Baldy'll have to be on your other side. You want to talk about old times with him, too, don't you?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dare, now that he's an Ambassador. There, I'm forgetting as usual! This is my husband Hugo Alban, and this is my cousin Evan Neville. Now we all know each other, don't we? And do tell us just how you want us placed, Mrs. Castle, so we won't lose too much more time. And I was just joking. Of course, any place is all right for me, as long as I have Joe on one side."

The seating presented some difficulties, partly because the marble-topped centre table, now covered with a white cloth, was not large enough to accommodate a company of fourteen; and partly because Mrs. Castle, though she had pre-empted the role of hostess, was not yet well versed in matters of protocol, and was too preoccupied with the question of crowding to listen attentively to the whispered hints which Hilary was endeavoring to give her.

Ahani came to the rescue by suggesting that, since the ladies of his party would not be drinking champagne in any case, perhaps they might be seated at a small supplementary table, which was now in a corner, but which could easily be brought forward; then, if Mrs. Racina and Miss Whitford would join them that would make an agreeable feminine group and they would be delighted.

It was, indeed, obvious that the ladies from Aristan were much pleased with this plan, which was quickly put into effect; both Zeina and her mother were now chatting unrestrainedly with Judith and, though they suffered a momentary relapse into timidity when Althea was presented to them, this was quickly overcome. Zeina had with her a beautiful little box filled with tiny sweatbands, and she passed to her table companions with the shy suggestion that perhaps the guests at the other table would like some, too.

"I am sure they would," Judith said cordially. She held the box for a moment, admiring its exquisite workmanship, and then handed it to Joe, after selecting a sugar-coated almond. He raised his eyebrows slightly, as if to indicate that sugared almonds would not make the most suitable accessory to lobster salad and, though the expression was quickly controlled, Ahani caught it. He spoke swiftly to his wife in their own language and at once she produced another box, smaller and even more richly jewelled, from among her draperies and, rising, presented it to her husband.

"The coating on these walnut fragments is salted," he said, opening the box, extracting a dainty morsel and offering it to Castle. "You must often have eaten walnuts prepared in this way, when you were in Aristan. Such preparation is a specialty of the region I come from."

"Also a rarity elsewhere," Castle said, accepting the fragment and putting it into his mouth. "So I can't truthfully say I had them often. I always wished I could though, once I'd had a chance to sample them."

"Please honor us by accepting these then—and the box which contains them," Ahani replied. "There is no use in passing them around. No one else here would appreciate them—or even notice whether or not you had something they hadn't."

It was quite true. Everyone's eyes were fastened on Janice Lester, everyone was listening to her golden voice. Occasionally, in an absent-minded way, somebody took a mouthful of lobster or a sip of champagne; but food and drink had become quite incidental. Janice was talking about the days when she and Joe had first known each other and she was making a fascinating story of "kipping."

"I'd been trying to get a master's degree, you see," Joe added by way of explanation. "All year I'd been teaching at a little jerkwater college in West Virginia to save enough for summer courses at the University of Chicago. Well, when this chance came along to earn twenty-five cents a night by supping with the Otis Skinner Company in 'Kismet' for a solid month—"

"You should have seen him!" Janice exclaimed joyously. "He was a Persian soldier, with baggy green silk pants and a bow."

Cornelia giggled shrilly. "This is a regular Old Home Week for you, Miss Lester, isn't it?" she asked. "Tell me, was that the time you met Baldy, too?"

"Oh, that was later, and much less exciting," Janice said casually. "I was acting a bit part on Broadway in a play called 'Dusk in December.' Perhaps some of the rest of you saw it? . . . Well, it doesn't matter. Win did and he liked it. He was in New York on a theatre-going spree, so he took in 'Dusk' along with all the other shows. He liked me, too, in my part well enough to come backstage afterwards. Pretty soon this became quite a habit and I found I liked him. So . . . well, perhaps you'll tell that story, Win."

"No, I'm not much of a story-teller."

"Did you know Miss Lester at that time, too, Mr. Alban?" Lady Laura inquired, addressing Hugo for the first time.

"Yes, I'd just become the star's manager. Janice and I were married later that same year. We'd both started small and we'd both gone ahead fast. So we had lots in common from the beginning."

"Did you start as a super-

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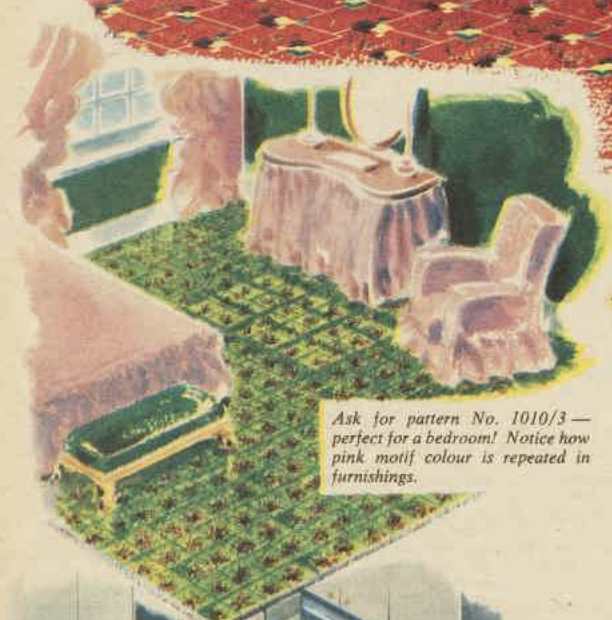
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page. See recipes below.

Peanut butter is one of the most versatile products on the pantry shelf. It blends well with other ingredients and gives a rich nutty flavor.

Of a high nutritional value, peanut butter is equally good in savory or sweet dishes. Try the unusual recipes given on this page. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PEANUT APPLE CRUMBLE

Two to 2½ cups cooked sweetened apple pulp, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups rolled oats, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup peanut butter, ¼ cup melted butter or substitute, chopped glace cherries.

Flavor apple pulp with lemon rind, fill into greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Combine rolled oats, brown sugar, and peanut butter, add melted butter or substitute, mix thoroughly until evenly mixed. Cover apple pulp with this mixture. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until topping is crisp and lightly browned. Top with chopped cherries, serve hot or cold with cream or ice-cream. Yields 6 servings.

PEANUT BUTTER CARAMEL SAUCE

Three-quarters cup brown sugar, ¼ cup golden syrup, 4 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1½ dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons peanut butter.

Place sugar, golden syrup, and cream or evaporated milk in small saucepan, cook gently 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add butter or substitute. Cool, stir in peanut butter. Mix thoroughly, serve over ice-cream, ice-cream cakes, shortcakes, waffles, etc. Store in screw-top jar in refrigerator or ice-chest.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup peanut butter, 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Cream butter or substitute with vanilla, lemon rind, and sugars. Add egg, beat well. Stir in peanut butter, then work in sifted flour, salt, and

soda, making a stiff dough. With hands roll into balls slightly smaller than golf ball, place on greased oven trays. Press down with back of fork (lightly floured), making a criss-cross. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 3½ to 4 dozen.

SAVORY AND SWEET SANDWICH FILLINGS

Carrot and Celery: Combine ½ cup peanut butter, ½ cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup coarsely grated carrot, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly until evenly combined.

Fruit and Honey: Combine ½ cup peanut butter, good ½ cup chopped raisins, small pinch salt, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, pinch cinnamon. Mix well, add extra ½ cup chopped raisins if liked.

Pickle and Cheese: Combine ½ cup peanut butter, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ cup chopped pickles. Mix well, season with salt and cayenne.

PEANUT BUTTER PASTRY

Three-quarters cup plain flour, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt,

3oz. butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons peanut butter, water.

Sift flours with salt, rub in butter or substitute, and peanut butter. Mix to a stiff dough with little water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly to fit 8in. tart-plate. Trim edges, pinch frill. Prick base well, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Fill as desired.

SUGGESTED FILLINGS

Sweet Corn and Bacon: One 12oz. tin sweet corn, 3 rashers lean bacon, ½ cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red or green pepper (may be omitted), ½ cup thick white sauce, salt, pepper.

Remove rind from bacon, grill lightly, chop into pieces. Mix with drained corn, peas, red or green pepper, and sauce. Season to taste, fill into peanut butter case. Reheat in moderate oven. Serves 8.

Banana Cream: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 2½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup mashed banana pulp.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stir-

ring until boiling. Add sugar, cook 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in egg-yolks and banana pulp. Cook 2 or 3 minutes longer without allowing to boil. Flavor with vanilla and lemon rind. Cool, fill into peanut butter case. Serves 8.

CRUNCHY PEANUT CAKE

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon orange marmalade, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates, 6 tablespoons milk.

Topping: Three tablespoons brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon peanut butter, ½ cup chopped peanuts, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Cream butter or substitute, peanut butter, sugar, and lemon rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add marmalade and dates, then fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin. Combine all topping ingredients, mixing well, crumble over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand 10 minutes in tin before turning out on to tea-towel. Invert on to cake-cooler to cool.

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By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

It has been proved in modern obstetric practice that fear is the enemy of an easy and natural confinement.

FEAR of the unknown and lack of understanding of the birth process usually cause a woman to panic and "tense" her mind and body so much that she cannot co-operate with those assisting her in her confinement — all of which lengthens the time of her labor.

Labor is a muscular effort. If an expectant mother has been taught how to use her muscles at that time (and especially how to relax them), and practises this during her pregnancy, she will later understand what a real help to her it can be.

Also, if she has been given a simple explanation of the signs of approaching labor, the wonderful way in which her baby is born, has an intelligent knowledge of the various stages of labor and how she can help herself, she will experience the joy of a natural child-birth.

All young mothers-to-be should acquire an elementary knowledge of the way a baby grows from a microscopic speck of life to a complete, well-developed human being, and the process by which it is born.

Those entering the big maternity hospitals can now attend classes where they are taught muscle control.

A leaflet explaining simply the signs of baby's approaching birth and how it is born is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed when applying for this leaflet.

Some of this essential knowledge on the process of the development and birth of a baby is available to any expectant mother who attends the pre-natal classes at our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Telephone B0656, Ext. 290, for an appointment.



Cool the blood stream

Even during the difficult teething period, baby can be a picture of health if you use Steedman's famous Powders. Steedman's is a safe and gentle aperient which cools the blood-stream and keeps baby regular in habits.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 1757Q, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers".

Give

**STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**
for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.

salad dressings

as
you
like
them!

TRY THIS QUICKLY-MADE DRESSING

1 level teaspoon each of Keen's Mustard, salt and sugar; 2 dessertspoons condensed milk; 1 dessertspoon salad oil; 2 table-spoons vinegar.

Mix Mustard smoothly with salt, sugar, and condensed milk. Add salad oil a few drops at a time, mixing smoothly with a wooden spoon. Then add vinegar a little at a time.



AN EXCELLENT MAYONNAISE

(with Keen's Mustard, of course!)

Most Australians prefer their salad dressings savoury-sweet, so here's a Mayonnaise tailored to order — and most delicious, too.

Beat 2 egg yolks with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons Keen's Mustard. Add 2 tablespoons of vinegar or lemon juice, and then very gradually add 2 teacups of salad oil, stirring all the time.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference!



V07

Readers' prize recipes

Tempting party or supper savories win this week's main prize in our popular recipe contest.

THESE prizewinning savories, circles of pastry topped with a mixture of ham, cheese, and onion, are delicious served hot.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

HAM AND CHEESE CANAPES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, water.

Topping: Two ounces softened butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup minced tinned luncheon meat (ham flavored), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped fruit chutney, pinch of ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon cream or evaporated milk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening, mix with beaten egg and sufficient water to make a stiff dough. Roll out on lightly floured board to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds with a 2 in. cutter. Place on oven tray, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool, split in halves, top with a generous layer of ham-cheese mixture, made by combining all topping ingredients together. Place under grill until topping is thoroughly re-heated.



HAM AND CHEESE canapes will make a popular addition to any party table. Served hot or cold the flavor is good. Try them sometimes as a before-dinner savory. See main prizewinning recipe on this page.

Serve immediately, garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Smith, "Parkfield," via Bunbury, W.A.

SPICY FRUIT BREAD

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cherries, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind,

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup melted shortening.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar, salt, nutmeg, and cinnamon. Add fruit, orange rind, and nuts. Beat eggs, add milk and melted shortening, pour into flour mixture, mix well. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to $\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler.

When cold, ice with lemon icing if liked.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Gordon, Sackville St., Greenslopes, Qld.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE BISCUITS

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 1 egg, 2 table-spoons orange juice, 1 table-spoon grated orange rind, 3 cups flour, pinch salt, 1oz. or 2oz. grated dark chocolate or chopped chocolate pieces.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars and orange rind. Add egg, then orange juice, beat well. Work in sifted flour and salt, lastly add chocolate. Form into long rolls 1 in. in diameter. Wrap in wax paper, place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick slices, bake on ungreased tray in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Pederick, 31 Cowan St., Gawler, S.A.

TONY'S LUXURY DISH:

Fish mousse Colony

"This is a party dish for discriminating guests," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

THE beauty of it is that this mousse does not suffer from a little overcooking, so the hostess can enjoy her cocktail and then go to the kitchen and unmould this work of art.

"By the way, I would suggest that if you have not the time just now to prepare and serve this dish and others of mine which may take your fancy, file them away and keep them for use on a very special occasion."

Here is the superb mousse:

Four pounds of snapper or flathead, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 table-spoons of moselle wine, 4 eggs, 5 table-spoons flour, 3 cups fresh cream.

Take the whole snapper, including the head. Scrape all the meat from skin and bones. Then place the head of the fish and whatever you have discarded on to boil for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in enough water to cover. Cool and strain off juice to be used later for the sauce. Force raw fish through a meat grinder with the butter a couple of times and then pound it into a smooth pulp in a mortar if you have one. If you have not the mortar

use a deep dish with a wooden spoon until you achieve a gluey pulp. Add some seasoning and moselle wine.

In another bowl mix egg-yolks, flour, and the cream, and add this gradually to fish mixture until it is all perfectly blended. Should the mixture curdle, just add a spoonful of hot butter and keep stirring until it is all smooth again. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and $\frac{1}{2}$ fill a mould which has been greased and coated with breadcrumbs. Leave room at the top, as mixture rises like a soufflé. Tie greased wax paper loosely on top and place mould in saucepan of water on top of the stove. Let the water come only halfway up the mould. Cover with a close-fitting lid. Let cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Do not open lid until you are ready to serve the mousse. Unmould carefully on serving-platter. Pour Sauce Mouseline over the fish and serve with boiled potatoes.

MOUSSELINE SAUCE

Four yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. melted sweet butter, 2 table-spoons water, 1 cup of whipped cream.

Cook the yolks of eggs and the water in a double boiler, stirring with a wire whip until creamy. Remove top from

boiling water to a warm place and add butter gradually, stirring constantly to make the sauce lighter. Add one extra table-spoon of water. Season to taste with salt and white pepper and lemon juice. Add whipped cream. Strain through a cheese cloth and pour over the fish mousse.

FAMILY DISH:

Veal rolls

BAKED veal rolls, stuffed with tomato and onion seasoning, make this week's family dish, which costs approximately seven shillings and three-pence.

Make the most of the hot oven while the meat is cooking. Prepare a baked sweet to follow the rolls and perhaps a custard for tomorrow night's dinner, or a cake for the luncheon.

STUFFED VEAL ROLLS

One and a half pounds thinly sliced veal steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch mixed herbs, 1 small tomato, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon

grated onion, 1 table-spoon chopped bacon, fat, parsley.

Wipe steak with damp cloth, cut into pieces 3 in. by 5 in. Remove skin from tomato, chop roughly. Add breadcrumbs, melted butter, or substitute, salt, pepper, herbs, lemon rind, and onion. Mix well, spread on to each piece of steak. Roll up; secure with coarse thread. Melt just enough fat in baking-dish barely to cover bottom; arrange veal rolls in baking-dish. Cover with thickly greased paper. Bake family dish in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Lift on to heated serving-dish, remove coarse thread, top with bacon which has been browned in frying-pan. Garnish with parsley and prepare gravy in baking-dish if desired. Serve with baked potatoes, baked pumpkin, and green vegetables.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 24, 1954

as popular as Punch & Judy

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Enjoy them this summer—Australia's biggest-selling fruit juices. Ask for Kia-ora 50-50, Orange, Lemon and Fruit Cup.

MAX FORBES

go to her dressing room. Anyway, I'm going to try. But I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'd like to have me. When the others start for the Savoy, I'll go to the Embassy with you and stay there until we've thrashed this thing out. I know you're going on to some official reception, but our discussion ought not to take long, once we get down to cases. Then, after your chauffeur has dropped you off at this party of yours, he can take me on to the Savoy—at least, if that would be agreeable to you.

"We can ask Hilary to tell the head waiter he's expecting me. Probably I'll get to his table before the rest of them have finished their soup. If I don't, I don't see that it matters much anyhow. Well, what do you say?"

"Why, I say yes, of course," Ahani answered.

Table conversation was lagging a little. Lady Laura reflected, with inward irritation, though her delicate features were still wreathed by a perfunctory smile. It was a mistake, and she had said so repeatedly, to keep the most congenial group together overlong or for an interrupted succession of meals. This time, both mistakes had been made, and the company, heterogeneous to begin with, found fewer and fewer common interests to discuss as the evening progressed.

Even arrangements were not smooth running any longer, which one had a right to expect, at the very least. There had been confusion when it came time to leave the theatre. First, Mr. Castle had announced tersely, the instant the orchestra stopped playing the National Anthem, that he was going to the Aristanian Embassy in the official car; then he had plunged off to Ahani's

beds in Alum Bay have an amazing range of colors, but a real expert gets his hands from all over the world."

But after we had finished tea, Miss Hobson suddenly turned to me and said, "I'm afraid you must be finding the afternoon very dull, but let me tell you a story which you may find more interesting."

She looked at David. "Before your parents engaged me, I was governess to a little boy named Robert Whitgrove—I expect you probably heard me mention his name."

David nodded. "One morning a few weeks ago he came to see me. He is now an executive in a big wholesale merchant's business, and he had come down here to inspect one of his company's warehouses."

"He took me out to lunch, and afterwards he offered to show me the warehouse. It was a narrow shed about eighty yards long and it contained rows of bins filled with small, cheaply made articles such as clocks, compacts, and pens."

"Most of the things looked awfully shoddy, except one bin full of leather notecases which were really quite attractive."

"They were made of what seemed to be good quality leather, and they were stamped with an unusual design of a penguin, picked out in gold. The ticket on the bin gave their price as being only £12 per gross."

"Robert took one out of the bin and gave it to me. I thanked him and put it in my bag."

"Well now, on the following day I had an appointment to see a heart specialist in London about my angina."

"I saw him in the early afternoon, and afterwards I thought I would take a stroll round Luxleys, that big new department store in Lyme Street."

"Everything was new and shiny, and there were so many beautiful things on sale."

Continuing . . . The Royal Box

from page 39

box to join the Aristanian Ambassador and the two ladies who had accompanied him.

This had meant a complete readjustment of plans for transportation, with the inevitable arguments about it in the midst of the crowds pouring out of the Terry and milling around on the pavement. And there was still a gap, for Castle had not appeared, even now, and his absence inevitably created a certain awkwardness.

Jacques ordered a round of drinks, which nobody wanted very much, and finally he said, well, perhaps they had better go on into the grillroom and start on their soup; that was what the Ambassador had asked them to do anyway—and that was before he realised how bad the fog was getting, let alone how long his conference with Ahani would last. Of course, he would understand.

Luigi, the maitre d'hotel, showed them to their table and the soup came, but it grew cold while they dalled with it, and still Castle was not there. The fish arrived, and presently it would be time for the game and then for the sweet.

Judith had shown herself frankly delighted with the setting of the supper and the supper itself.

Joe said less about the setting and the supper, but he was keenly interested in the occupants of the other tables, some of whom he knew. He was also intrigued by De Valcourt's brief outline of the Savoy's story: so it had originally been a palace, built by Peter, Count of Savoy, on land given him by his friend, Henry III of England?

It had housed such celebrities as Simon de Montfort and John of Gaunt, both famous

for their entertainments. Froissart had described it in his "Chronicles," Chaucer had written many of his poems there, and, centuries later, Henry Fielding several of his novels.

All very interesting, Joe said, making rapid notes on the back of his menu; but, after all, a touch of romance always gives spice to history. Ah, that could be supplied also, De Valcourt assured him: Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, had been married there to the Duke of York in 1660 at a midnight ceremony performed in a tapestried, candlelit room; and this clandestine wedding had had many a reverberation; for the Duke of York had later become James II, and two of his daughters—Anne and Mary—Queens Regnant of England!

WRITING still more rapidly, Joe declared that that was the ticket! Usually he stuck to current events, but this time he was going to dive down into the past, and who knew? He might even come up with his first novel!

A wonderful idea, De Valcourt exclaimed. Hilary and Althea and Judith were equally enthusiastic, and presently had their heads together discussing possible plots. But all this while Mrs. Castle did not join in the conversation and Lady Laura was finding it increasingly uphill work to do so. Instinctively she kept looking from the table in the direction of the door. Eventually, Cornelia gathered her white foxes around her, rose uncertainly, but man-

aged a laugh as she caught hold of her chair to steady herself; then she started across the floor, swaying more noticeably with every step. The three men had risen at the same time; now Judith did, too.

"I think perhaps I'd better go after Mrs. Castle," she said quietly. "I'm afraid she's ill."

"Ill?" Lady Laura exclaimed scornfully.

"Yes. You see, I used to be a nurse, so it's more or less second nature to look for symptoms. I think it's far more likely Mrs. Castle is one of those unfortunates called a periodic drinker, and that tonight, for some reason, she couldn't overcome her weakness. So, if you'll excuse me, Lady Laura . . ."

Judith was gone almost as swiftly as she had spoken. None of the men looked at Lady Laura as they resumed themselves. But they looked at each other.

"Judith's probably right, you know," Joe said at last.

"Now I think of it, Castle spoke to his wife pretty sharply while we were on our way to the theatre," Hilary remarked. "He said, 'Look here! I thought you never drank!' or something of the sort. I didn't pay much attention to the exact words. To tell you the truth, I was too much shocked. I thought it was unpardonable of him to speak to his wife like that, under any circumstances, and especially in the presence of a complete stranger. But he must have had an awful shock, too, a lot worse than mine. If Judith's right, if Mrs. Castle doesn't go in for this sort of thing often, possibly he never saw her drunk before."

"Which would explain a great deal that's been puzzling

me," De Valcourt added. "I couldn't understand how a man of his importance could have married an alcoholic—because you have to concede that he is a man of importance, whether you care for his type or not. I couldn't understand, either, how he could have accepted a position of such responsibility, realising how his wife would handicap him. Don't you agree with me, Lady Laura?"

"Nearly always, as you know, my dear Jacques. But I am afraid in this instance you gentlemen are all being too charitable—to both Mr. and Mrs. Castle."

The finality of her pronouncement put a further damper on conversation. Cornelia and Judith did not reappear, and nothing happened to break the awkward silence. At first Luigi, and his assistant, Pelosi, had both hovered solicitously around them, making suggestions and supervising the service. But now all the suggestions had been followed and the service was so excellent that it really needed no supervision.

Besides, even without Hilary's warning that Luigi should keep a sharp lookout for the Ambassador, this functionary would have done it anyway, because he greatly enjoyed showing persons of distinction to their seats. He did not hover any longer, but periodically returned from his station near the main door, shaking his head; and, in spite of his correctly blank expression, Lady Laura had a conviction that he was conscious of an increasing tenseness in the situation.

Finally he came across the floor with great rapidity. This time, however, he did not come alone. Two other men were with him, one of whom Hilary and Jacques instantly recognised as the manager of the Savoy.

None of them recognised the third man, who was lean and sinewy, with bleached-looking hair which might once have been ginger colored, and a scrubby moustache, still beligerently red. Unlike the other two, he was not dressed with formal precision; his very ordinary suit hung rather loosely on his wiry frame, and his tie was carelessly knotted.

Joe, after one swift glance in his direction, stifled a startled exclamation and waited. He did not have to wait long.

"I should like to present Mr. Gracie Kirtland," the manager said suavely. "Mr. Kirtland is—ah—in a position to be very helpful when—ah—anything of a distressing nature arises. The sort of circumstances, for example, in which Scotland Yard is concerned."

"Scotland Yard?"

The words had been echoed simultaneously by almost everyone present. The manager bowed and turned to Mr. Kirtland.

"I regret to intrude on your supper party," Mr. Kirtland said courteously. "But I am afraid I shall have to speak to Mrs. Castle—privately."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Castle isn't here just now."

"She isn't here?"

"No. She wasn't feeling very well. My wife—who used to be a professional nurse—went with her to the ladies' room."

Mr. Kirtland looked from Hilary, who had spoken first, to Joe, whose explanation had followed with trigger quickness.

"I see," he said imperturbably. "Then I'm afraid I shall find it necessary to speak with someone else . . . You are the host, I believe?" he asked, turning back to Hilary.

"I was earlier in the evening. The Marquis de Valcourt wanted to take over the party after the theatre and I consented."

"I see," said Mr. Kirtland again, including Jacques in his comprehensive glance, and, then turning back to Hilary a second time. "But you are Mr. Thorpe, aren't you? The Counsellor of the American Embassy? You have been more or less in charge of the Castles' programme since their arrival?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I should like to speak to you alone for a few moments."

In the pause that followed Hilary's departure, Joe sat down beside Althea, whose hands were trembling, and began to talk to her, in an apparently effortless way, about the Thorpe family—what grand people they all were, especially Hilary's father, a dyed-in-the-wool Vermonter if there ever was one.

Lady Laura, after glancing in the direction of her daughter, tried to say something inconsequential to De Valcourt. But he did not answer her, he did not even look at her, and presently she realised that she was trembling, too, and that they were all watching for Hilary with an intensity which forbade further speech.

It seemed to her an eternity before she saw him coming towards them alone. He spoke without preamble.

"I may as well break a tragic piece of news to you straight off," he said. "It concerns all of us: that was the Chief Detective Inspector of the Bow Street Station who came for me, or rather who came for Mrs. Castle, and who accepted me as the best available substitute. A few minutes ago, Ahani's car came up, driven by his chauffeur. The tonneau of the car had only one person in it—Castle. And he was dead."

(Copyright)

To be continued

Continuing . . . Miss Hobson's Choice

from page 3

"Then, as I was passing through the leatherwork department, I saw a tray of notecases which looked just like the ones in Robert's warehouse. The design and everything about them seemed to be the same, but a card gave their price as thirty shillings each."

"I felt there must be some difference, otherwise Luxleys' profit would be simply outrageous. I still had the notecase which Robert had given me. I took it out and compared it with a notecase off the tray."

"After satisfying myself that they were in fact identical, I replaced Luxley's notecase and put mine back in my bag. Then I saw that I hadn't much time to catch my train, so I hurried off to the nearest exit."

"I was just about to go out into the street when a shop-walker put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Excuse me, madam, but I must ask you to come with me to the manager's office.'"

"I managed to gasp, 'What ever for?'"

"He looked at me in a very cold way and said, 'A moment ago I saw you put one of our notecases in your bag.'"

"He took me up in a lift to the top of the building, and I was questioned by a very rude man whom I presume was the manager."

"Perhaps I didn't explain very well about Robert giving me the notecase—I was so very, very flustered—but at last the manager did telephone Robert's London office and was told that Robert had flown to Paris that morning."

"Apparently the notecases had only been put on sale that morning, and there was one missing, although there was no record of one being bought. And on top of that, they had not come from Robert's firm, and

Luxleys' buyer had been assured that they were unique."

"After the manager had checked up on these facts he simply wouldn't listen to anything I said. He sent for a car to take me to the nearest police station. But on the way there I had one of my heart attacks, and they had to take me to the hospital."

"The rotten swine!" David broke in angrily. "Don't get so excited, David," Miss Hobson said.

"I spent the night in hospital, but the next morning I felt quite recovered. However, before I left the hospital, a police inspector called to see me."

"He was such a nice man . . . so helpful. He told me that Luxleys were still out on my blood, then he asked me if I had a lawyer. I at once thought of Jimmy . . . Sir James Fairhurst."

"He telephoned Jimmy's chambers, and Jimmy was round at the hospital in less than fifteen minutes."

"After chatting to me, Jimmy saw the police inspector and then told me that the matter was cleared up."

"I had hoped that that would be the last I should hear of the matter, but it was not. 'Anyway, that afternoon, just as I was going to make myself a cup of tea, an enormous Rolls-Royce drew up outside this cottage. Out of it got a little fat, pig-eyed man, Mr. Luxley himself.'"

"As soon as I got him in here he said, 'Miss Hobson, I have come to make my most abject apologies for what has happened and to beg you not to take proceedings against us.'"

"What proceedings?" I asked him.

"When he told me, my mind

reeled. That naughty Jimmy had said that I was going to bring a legal action against Luxleys."

"I did my best to pacify Mr. Luxley, but he did not really begin to calm down until I promised to write a note to Jimmy."

"He also made me promise to come up to Luxleys on the very next day, and have luncheon with him and his co-directors. After luncheon I would be escorted round the store, and could choose for myself any single item of goods."

Miss Hobson drew a deep breath. "Well, of course, I realised that was a wonderful opportunity. But the difficulty was that when I was taken on this tour of the store, I could see nothing which I really needed. And yet, the curious thing was that on my previous visit to Luxleys, I had seen several things which I had longed to possess."

"The directors, who came with me on the tour, were charming and made helpful suggestions."

"Then, in the very last department which we went into I saw something which really made me cry out with delight . . . It was something for which I have been searching for years!"

Miss Hobson gazed round at us, her face shining with a happy, triumphant expression.

Alison exclaimed, "Please don't keep us in suspense, Miss Hobson—tell us what it was!"

The old lady rose from her chair. "I'll be back in a moment," she said.

She returned carrying a picture which was about two feet square. We gathered round her. I gazed down at the picture and caught my breath in sheer wonder.

It was of a woodland garden

bathed in the frosty brightness of a late October morning.

The whole picture was almost stereoscopic in its clear-cut brilliance. You were not just looking at the scene—you were in the middle of it.

It was hard to believe that this was a sand painting. Alison's whispered comment echoed my thoughts.

"Why it's . . . it's the most beautiful thing I've ever set eyes on, Miss Hobson! You certainly chose wisely."

"I'm glad you like it, my dear," said the governess. "You see, I'm giving it to you and David as a wedding present."

David found his voice. "You mustn't! It's sweet of you, but you must keep it yourself."

I asked quickly, "Have Luxleys any more sand paintings?"

Miss Hobson laughed gently. "I don't think any of you understand. I painted this picture myself. I've been working on it for fifteen years. I've always intended to give it to one of my boys as a wedding present . . . when it was finished."

I stared at her in bewilderment. "Then what did you choose at Luxleys?"

"Well, the last department we went into was the pet department. I thought perhaps I might like a canary or a parrot. But I forgot all about it when I saw the color of some sand at the bottom of a bird-cage . . ."

"It was exactly the tint for which I've been searching for years; it was the precise shade of yellow which I wanted for finishing off those pines in the background of my picture, and it had just the right amount of sparkle."

"So I turned to the directors and said, 'Thank you very much, gentlemen, for taking me around your store and showing me all your goods. I'll have a packet of this sand.'"

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AS A DAISY . . .



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WW24/11/54

MAKE A BEACH SET

Beach accessories that are pretty, practical, and
easy enough for anyone to make are sought after by
everyone. Make them to add glamor to your own
beach suit—or make them for your sun and surf
loving friends as attractive Christmas gifts.

DESIGNED by Rene,
the accessories, shown
in color on the opposite
page, have detailed in-
structions for making.

THE BLUE SET

Materials required: 2yds.
blue 36in. towelling, 4yd. white
42in. duck, sailcloth, or canvas,
1 card bias binding, 3yds. white
cotton fringe, 2yds. blue web-
bing for tape handles, 1 knot
blue heavy embroidery cotton,

one in pink, one 9in. circle in
pink or the right size for your
seagrass table mat used for
stiffening. This one was 7in.
across.

Place grass mat in centre of
large pink circle, and mark
round, using it as a guide for
the circle cut out or opening
of the upper part of bag or
pink section.

Now cover the grass mat on
one side with the 9in. circle,
turning edge over evenly all
round, and tacking very firmly.

BLUE STOLE

Cut strip 12in. wide off side
of towelling to make stole 24in.
wide. Bind each side with
matching bias binding. From
the 12in. piece cut two squares
of 9in. for pockets.

Trim top of pockets with
fringe, turning in top edge with
it. Turn in and tack 1in. on
both sides.

Place pockets in the centre
of each end of stole, and
stitch sides with double row
of stitching.

Now sew fringe on both ends
of stole, catching in bottom of
pocket firmly with it.

BLUE BAG

The bag: From white duck
cut an oblong 30in. x 18in. deep
or cut right length to fit exactly
around whatever size you use
for stiffening the bottom of bag.
On this lay a strip of the blue
towelling about 11in. wide x
30in. long, stitch to the duck in
rows about 1in. apart. A little
more than half the white fabric
is now covered with blue. Where
the towelling ends, stitch a row
of white cotton fringe.

I cut some of the bulky top
off the fringe, turned in the
rest, and sewed it on with three
rows of machine stitching.

Now stitch up side of bag. As
it is a bulky seam, open it out
and stitch flat with a row of
stitching on each side.

Turn in top of bag a good
3in. and tack.

An oval seagrass table mat
was used to stiffen bottom of
bag.

Use this now as a pattern to
cut two ovals from remainder
of white material, cutting 1in.
wider all round, of course.

Tack one piece on, turning
edge over and stitching all
round by machining. Tack the
other piece into the bottom of
the bag itself and stitch in.

Fit the covered stiffening into
the bottom, tacking firmly in
place. Now take your little
three-sided upholsterer's needle
(which is easier to pull through
than a darning needle), thread
with heavy embroidery cotton,
and stitch the bottom strongly
into the bag with big hand
stitches as shown on the bot-
tom of the bag in the black-
and-white picture on this page.
Make a lining of plastic and
stitch in.

All that remains to be done
now is to take your bag into
town to a tent or blind maker
and have him put 12 big eye-
lets evenly spaced round the
double top. Then thread up
with blue webbing or cord for
handles.



SHOWING the underneath of both bags and the type of
seagrass table mat used for stiffening the bottoms. One
can saddle-stitch right through these mats as shown. The
circular bag when stuffed with a towel is a beach cushion.

4yd. plastic for lining, one oval
seagrass mat about 10in. x 7in.,
1 small upholsterer's needle.

THE PINK SET

Materials required: 24yds.
24in. towelling, 4yds. white cot-
ton fringe, 4yd. pink canvas,
4yd. black canvas, coarse white
embroidery cotton, one 7in.
seagrass table mat for stiffen-
ing, 1yd. plastic for bag lining,
1yd. thick cotton cord for bag
handle, etc., 12yds. grass straw
for hat, 3yds. of white cotton
cord for sunbonnet.

PINK STOLE

Cut stole 2yds. long, and
make in same way as blue
stole. From the half-yard left
over the hat is made. Cut this
from the pattern given in the
graph shown at the bottom of
the page.

PINK BONNET

The bonnet: Turn in 1in.
and tack right round edge. Run
row of machine stitching round
this, too, to firm edge to work
on.

Now simply stitch straw in
rows round shape of bonnet,
beginning from front wide edge.
Stitch first from one side
then from the other (this
method makes shape more
even), overlapping the rows of
straw. When you have covered
shape from front to back (as
shown in color picture on op-
posite page), run one row
of straw round, outlining the
edge, and covering up rough
ends of stitched straw.

Make eyelets as marked on
pattern. Thread the side ones
with two long ties, knotting
each end of cord and fraying
ends into tassels. Thread the
two pairs of back eyelets with
shorter strings—tying in bows
with knotted ends, as shown
in color picture opposite.

PINK BEACH BAG

The bag: Cut two circles
21in. across, one in black and

Tack this also very firmly on
to the centre of the black circle.
Saddle-stitch on with uphol-
sterer's needle threaded with
heavy white embroidery cotton.

This is the bottom of bag.

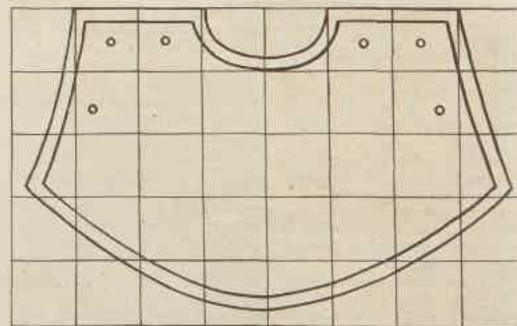
Cut a 3in. facing for the 7in.
circle opening of bag. Stitch
this on and turn and tack flat.
Make a row of saddle-stitching
round this edge, too.

Tack the fringe with small
stitches round the edge of black
circle on right side, the fringe
side of fringe pointing towards
centre of circle. Again if fringe
has a bulky band cut some
away, stitch to edge of can-
vas.

Lay pink circle right side to
right side and over fringe tack,
turn, and stitch right over the
stitching already showing on
black circle.

Turn bag right side out. Cut
plastic lining to fit and stitch
in.

Then take bag to tent or
blind maker to put 12 evenly
placed eyelets in for you.
Thread with white cord for
drawstring and handle.



SHOWING graph from which to make pattern for sun-
bonnet. Draw an oblong 15in. x 24in. and fill in with
3in. squares, on which draw pattern. A turn-in three-
quarters of an inch wide is allowed. The dots show eyelets.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 24, 1954

A bag, a stole, a bonnet



SUN BONNET of raffia straw, above, stitched on to strawberry-colored terry towelling. The back view shows air vent and how it is laced together with white cotton cord bow knots. Pictured below is the bonnet with bows undone and spread out flat as a wafer, showing its pattern and the way the eyelets are threaded with cord. Ideal for packing flat in the suitcase, as it takes up no space at all.



STRAWBERRY-COLORED stole made of terry towelling and trimmed with white cotton fringe. The stole has a pocket at each end for your make-up and glasses.



BLACK AND STRAWBERRY-COLORED DUCK was used for one bag trimmed with white cotton fringe and white saddle-stitching—white cord used for drawstring and handle. The blue-and-white bag is made of white duck with blue terry towelling stitched on to the fringe-trimmed duck. The drawstring and handles are matching blue webbing.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 24, 1954

the pantie . . . your legs can't feel!

Gossard

Line of beauty

Styled in
U.S.A.



Pantie fan or not, this vastly different new GOSSARD is for you! It combines three kinds of elastic to give complete leg freedom with fine figure control. Of nylon tissue net, satin elastic front panel, and lacy elastic finish at the legs. S-M-L white.

810

69/9 ea.

and the girdle your legs can't feel: with soft wide lacy band the cut of garment gives complete leg freedom and fine figure control.

S-M-L White.

58/6 ea.

710

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- panelled so it smooths your tummy — unbelievably!
- seated low so it holds you in — beautifully!
- curved and lacy so it never, never binds your legs!

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Page 43

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4815200>

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3447.—Prettily designed one-piece has a contrasting trim. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in., for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 3-8th yd. 36in. contrast, plus 2yds. bias binding. Price, 2/6.

F3448.—Small girl's frilly sunsuit and matching sunbonnet. Sizes: Lengths 17in., 18in., 19in., and 20in., for 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 1yds. cotton-lace edging. Price, 2/6.

F3449.—Sleeveless sunrock with low-cut back and contrasting floral trim. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in., for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 3-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F3450.—Tailored one-piece styled with a white bodice accent. Sizes: Lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 35in., for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 1yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F3451.—Small boy's outfit, including shorts, shirt, and hat. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in., for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1yd. 36in. check material and 1yds. 36in. plain material. Price, 3/6.

F3454.—Sunrock and bolero jacket. Sizes: Lengths 23in., 27in., 31in., and 35in., for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. spotted material and 1 1-8th yds. 36in. plain material. Price, 2/6.

F3455.—Trousers overalls. Sizes 25in., 29in., 31in., 33in., and 37in., for 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3456.—Ternage dress with sleeveless bodice and gracefully wide skirt. Sizes 30in., 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust, for 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3452

F3453

F3454

F3455

F3453.—Attractively designed one-piece finished with a self material sash. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in., for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3452.—American - style shorts, blouse, and cap ensemble. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 3-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 788.—SUN FROCK AND BONNET
This charming two-piece is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed Summer Breeze cotton. The color choice includes pale pink, blue, red, and green, all printed with a white spot. Sizes: 17in. length for 1 year, 18/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 19in. length for 2 years, 17/8, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 19in. length for 3 years, 18/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 20in. length for 4 years, 19/9, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 790.—SMALL GIRL'S PARTY FROCK
The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in Swiss organdie printed with a white plastic spot. The color choice includes blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. The ribbon for the waist sash is included with the frock. Sizes: 18in. length for 3 years, 25/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 20in. length for 3-4 years, 27/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 21in. length for 4-5 years, 29/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 22in. length for 5-6 years, 31/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 791 and 792.—SUN HATS
Two simple-to-make hats styled for easy laundering are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material for No. 791 is printed dimity, and the design features multi-colored circles on a white ground. The color choice includes yellow, green, and red; pink, green, and red; dark and light green; and red, lemon, blue, green, and red, all printed on a white ground. The material for No. 792 is a check gingham in pink and white, red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Price, 4/11 each. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 793.—PETTICOAT SLIP
The petticoat, designed for the 4-12 year age group, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is good quality lawn obtainable in white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and nil-green. Sizes: 13in. length for 4 years, 13/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 15in. length for 5-6 years, 15/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 16in. length for 7-8 years, 16/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 17in. length for 9-10 years, 17/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; 18in. length for 11-12 years, 17/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

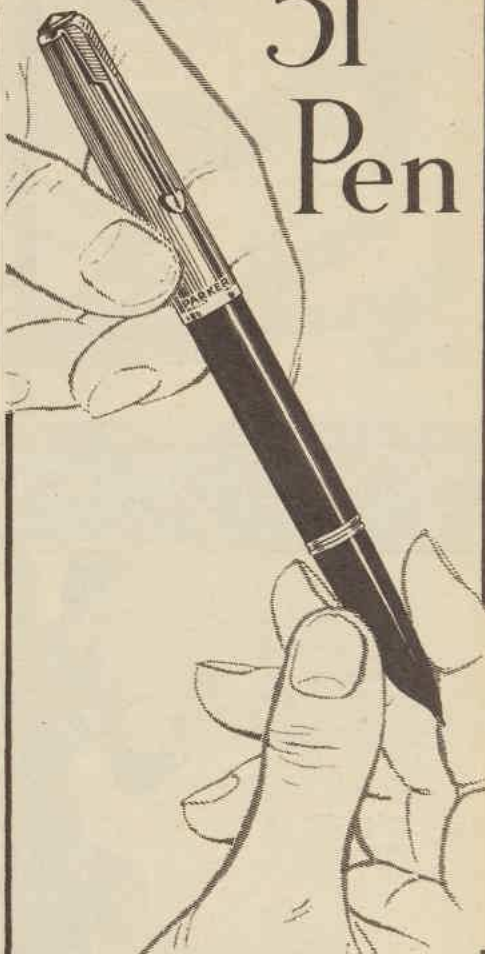
NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3457.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make infant's jacket - and - pilchers set. Size, infants. Requires 1yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

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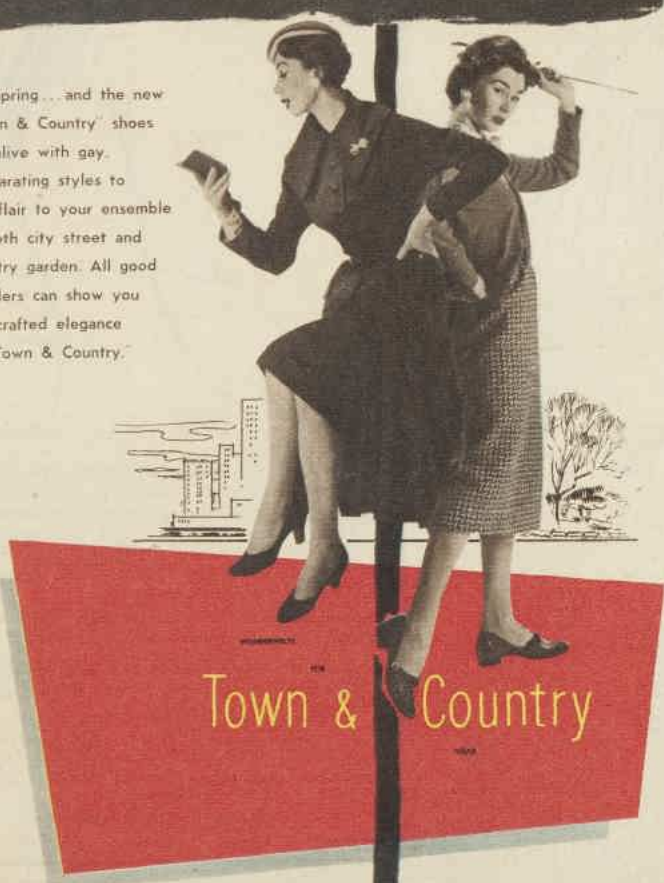
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beat him at any water sport. Mandrake is willing to teach the braggart a lesson. He gestures hypnotically and seems to swim both lengths of the pool in a flash. Then Mandrake appears to dive backwards from the water to the board. NOW READ ON:



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TEENA by *hilda teng*



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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CHRISTINE." - Pretty, one-piece dress obtainable in embossed polished cotton. The color choice includes red, green, and black; red, pink, and black, and saxe-blue, green, and black, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 93/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 95/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 78/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"HEDY." - Smartly styled sun-frock obtainable in rope-patterned everglaze cotton. The color choice includes pink and blue; grey, blue, and aqua; and red, yellow, and green, all printed on a white ground.

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